

THE ARSENAL CANNON

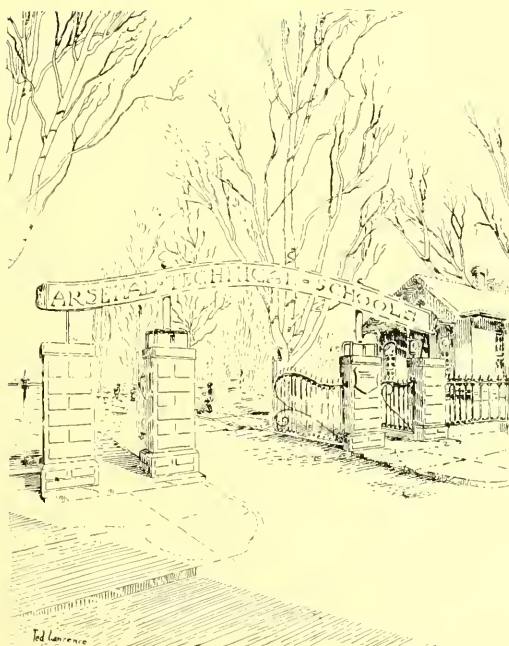


January
1923

FLOYD R. BEELER

COM ART III





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To Lyle Harter
who is always
a source of
inspiration to
Tech students

LAVON E



WHITMIRE





Helena Sicloff
Vice-President



Walter Elliott
President



Harriet Jane Stout
Secretary



Virgil Williams
Historian



Darrell Davies
Sergeant at Arms

Class Officers January 1923



Barbara A. Fischer
Prophet



William Lewis
Treasurer



Edwin Plum
Prophet



Hazel Westmoreland
Poet



Kathryn Pangle
Will-maker



Howard Williams
Will-maker



Florence Lesher
Song-Writer



Marion T. Abbott



Kenneth E. Amick



Helea Amthor



Theresa Ayden



Marion Baden



Harold Bailey



Robert Batchelor



Lydia Bates



J. Foster Beach



Floyd R. Becker



Louis Blair



Albert Bloemker



Hartzell A. Boren



Nellie Bottema



Marvel Boyd



Juanita Boyer



Harold Brennan



Albert Brethauer



Donald Bruce



E. Henry Bullard



Virginia Burke



William Burke



Esther Burks



William Byrkel



Charles Carson



Waldo Carter



Jacob Caskey



Helen Cather



Charles Chandler



Allen Clark



Catherine Comer



Nancy Corley



Marlon Cox



Mezzie Dalton



Florence Davis



Helen Davis



Robert Davis



Nell Denny



Mildred Dietz



Catherine Douglass



Dorothy Drake



Jerald B. Dunlap



Marion Ellis Dunn



Florence Egan



Gladys J. Elmore



Helen Ernst



Kathleen Eskey



Herbert K. Fatout



George M. Fields



Morris Finkel



Glenn Finley



Norbert Franz



Helen Frey



Leonora Frohne



Franklin Gamage



Teresio Gatti



Clark Gearhart



Elizabeth Geisel



Parks E. Gilmore



Louise Gish



Herschel Goodnight



Irma Gramse



Horace Grossman



Charlotte Gurley



Corwin Hagaman



Dorothy Hale



Louise V. Hanmerly



Ruth Harrig



Opal Hartman



Robert McCracken



Esther Hayes



Dorothy J. Heath



Ethel A. Hensley



Leah Hollingsworth



Ruth Holman



Ester Huber



Margaret Hughes



Josephine Hyde



Richard Jackson



Dorothy Johnson



Esther L. Johnson



Mildred Johnson



Josephine G. Keller



Mildred Kelly



Sarah G. Kimnich



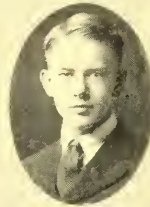
Eulasa Kinnaman



Dorothy Kirkham



Kathleen Klaiber



David A. Knapp



W. Talbott Knight



Helen J. Kochne



Stanley Kohlman



Helen E. Kreber



J. Richard Krick



Michael Laepsky



Myrtle Lahmann



Frank Langenkamp



Irvin Lavery



Margaret Layton



Alvin Leeb



Jeanette Leek



Ruth Lindstaedt



Arthur Love



Jacob Lugadder



Eugene Lyon



Gerald McDaniel



Isabel McKibbin



Harold Magee



Harold Matlock



Earl Mericle



Frances Miller



Glenna Miller



Elsie Milner



Edna Mitchell



Elizabeth Moore



Emma Mueller



Cranston Mugg



Esther Mullin



Sasie Nicley



Mary F. Ogle



Earl Ostermeier



Donald Paidrick



Dudley Parke



Theadore Pence



Virgil Peters



Catherine Phipps



Malcolm Porter



Lucile Pritchard



Irma J. Railsback



Helen Reeves



Margaret Rink



Raymond Robertson



Dorothy Roehm



Penn Ross



Harland J. Rue



Frederick Sanders



Lillian Selby



Dorothy Shaffer



Frances Shaneberger



Dwight Shaw



Alfred Siler



Fred Smith



Virginia Smith



Fremont Snyder



John Southern



Clifford Stelhaen



Walter S. Stockton



Leslie Stoner



Aaron Stroud



Paul Swain



Katherine Lars



Albert Thiel



Dorothy Thomas



William Thompson



Mae Turner



Violet M Twitchell



Bernice Tynes



Paxton Unger



Paul VanArsdell



Herschel VanSickle



William Vaser



Mary Wagouer



Helen Walker



Clarence Walls



Eileen Watson



Clara Weber



Marion Wells



Herberl Whelan



Lavon Whitmire



Thelma Whitney



Phoebe Wickman



Waldo Wickliff



Harold Williams



Frank Wilson



John Wilson



Hugh Enyart



Emerson Harris



Lee Wood



Earl Kern



Harold Russell



Randolph Snyder



Kathryn Kimmich



Harold Wilson

The History of the January Seniors of 1923

Since the beginning of time, history has been made; but only a part has been recorded. The January Seniors, therefore, to make sure of the recording of the period between the time they first entered dear old Technical and the time they pass forever from her protecting portals, elected me to the office of historian, and instructed me to compile and record the following events under the name "The History of the January Seniors of 1923."

For years before we came to Tech, high school had remained a mystery and a wonder. Many of us, sustained only by our faith in our ability to be graduated from grammar school, had walked cautiously about these grounds, and had hoped we would some day be students in this wonderful school.

Then the first day of school came; our wish was fulfilled. Certainly this bold incursion into the mystery of Technical marks the beginning of our history. It was truly a momentous occasion. Inspired by our Freshman sponsors, we at once rejected the common belief that it takes at least one semester to attain the proper school spirit. The first month we had the opportunity of showing this new fervor, when our band led the parade in honor of Admiral Sims and Secretary Glass. We realized that our class would always appreciate such a band, but we did not know that Frank Wilson, one of our own '23 boys, would be the drum major.

Then came the first Supreme Day celebration in which we had the privilege of participating. The boys of our class marched in the Battalion Review held that day. Though the girls had no opportunity of taking part in this celebration, they radiated the spirit of loyalty. Supreme Day created our Alma Mater the same as the Declaration of Independence established the United States.

On the fifth day of April, 1919, orders arrived from the War Department at Washington giving notice that, in the future, the military instructions would be supervised by the government, and this unit would be known officially as the R. O. T. C. Lieutenant-Colonel Westmoreland arrived April seventh, to take charge of the unit; Major Perry was with him. On April fourteenth, Captain Miller, U. S. A., arrived as Tech's instructor; our last instructor, Sergeant Amy, arrived May second, to assist Captain Miller. Then we began drilling, and this training has made us the finest Junior unit in the country.

Mr. Stuart had plans made for a "Greater Tech." This model is on exhibition at the office of the School Board. This step was the first towards the realization of Mr. Stuart's dream for the finest high school equipment in the country.

When we returned in the middle of September, 1919, we were classified as "Stale Freshies," but we discovered we had lost a little of our "greenness," according to the verdict of the upper-classmen. The newspapers published the report that the government would furnish the boys with regulation uniforms when they entered school. After a few days this proved to be true and in a very short time every boy taking the training was in uniform. For drilling we had rifles in place of the wooden imitations we used to balance on our shoulders. Now, at last, with uniforms and rifles, we felt like real soldiers and we knew that military training had its advantages.

November 11, 1919, the first anniversary of Armistice Day, gave us the planting of Liberty Grove, in which was placed a tree for each Tech boy who had been in the service. This inspiring ceremony touched the hearts of those who saw it. Four trees were wreathed in honor of Alfred Sloane, Ralph Gullett, Paul Burns, and Franklin Burns, who made the "Supreme Sacrifice." Let us hope that the time will never come when we must fight again, but if it does, our country will find the class of '23 ready and willing to do its part.

Three days later, November fourteenth, the Armory was completed and ready for occupancy. This was a great help to the military department of our school, since it furnished a place for drilling in bad weather, a lecture room, and a rifle gallery. Under the same roof we now find a kitchen. The door plate might read "Hunger Satisfied" instead of "Hunger Developed," as before.

The first prize of individual class distinction belonged to Frances Miller. She won the Freshman Story Contest in which the majority of us participated. A number of our class later held honors in this field of literature.

By January, 1920, we had lost our freshness and were now Sophomores, who could take advantage of the poor benighted Freshmen who had just entered. During the ensuing semester our basket-ball team won the sectional championship from Manual. The baseball team retained the state championship which was

annexed in 1917 at a state tournament held at Purdue. Our track team won the sectional meet for the first time, but lost the state title to Manual. This same semester the students of Tech proved their ability in the field of music. At a most entertaining and exciting music memory contest held at Shortridge, for contestants from the three high schools, our team won. The pennant was awarded by the Rotary Club, who have been interested in creating greater appreciation of classical music.

On May twenty-second, the eighth birthday of Tech was celebrated. A natural stage was the setting for the history of Tech from the passing of the Indians to the present time. This pageant, presented by our student body, was written and directed by Miss Shover. A number of our class took part.

The events of this semester closed on June 7, 1920, with the laying of the cornerstone for the Main building. Under this stone numerous articles were placed. One of these was a manuscript of parchment, on which were the names of every student in Tech at that time. This ceremony was preceded by a review in which nearly all the boys marched.

When we returned in September of 1920, it was with a great deal of enthusiasm, because football, the greatest of all combative sports, was reinstated by the School Board. Tech had the honor of playing the first football game participated in by the Indianapolis high schools for a number of years. This was the first football team Tech ever had. The first year we defeated both Manual and Shortridge and won our first leg on the city championship cup, offered by the School Board as a permanent trophy to the school that would win for five seasons. We all marched to Monument Circle where Tech was presented with this reward. We are proud to have had on this football squad one member of our own class, Darrell Davies.

The spring term of 1921 proved a success in every way. In March our basket-ball team won the sectional championship for the second time. In order to celebrate the winning of this championship for two consecutive years, a mass meeting of the entire student body was held at Tomlinson Hall. It was necessary to hold it there because the student body had grown so large that we had no room at school with seats enough for the crowd. Our baseball team proved a tenacious "lot" and retained the state crown. The track team was second to Manual in both the sectional and state meets.

Tech's ninth birthday, May 22, 1921, was

celebrated with a huge birthday cake and nine candles. When the cake was cut, various characters, symbolic of Tech activities, appeared. School was closed for the summer and some of the boys went to Camp Knox, Kentucky. Among them was Glenn Finley, of our class.

On a hot September day of the same year we returned and discovered we had moved one rung up the ladder. We studied assiduously in order to become seniors the next term. There was a great deal of checking up to see whether we had enough credits. The athletic field, on which many a glorious game was to be fought by members of our class, was complete, with the exception of cleaning away the stones. The students went to the field *en masse* and picked up the rocks. The football team played a hard season and we broke even, in defeats and victories. When it came to the two most important games, the team showed the true Tech spirit and held Manual and Shortridge to scoreless ties. This gave us our second leg on the city cup by a technicality. Darrell Davies, Paxton Unger, and William Lewis, of our class, were on this year's squad.

This semester witnessed the completion of the Main building, the cornerstone of which had been laid in June, 1920. The Shops were completed also. There was no cornerstone laid for this building because Mr. Stuart decided that one ceremony was enough for a term. In January, 1922, the seniors graduated. This departure made us "The January Seniors."

Our seventh semester began in February, 1922. In our roll rooms we went through the usual routine to prepare for the semester. Soon we held a "get-acquainted day" for the two January '23 roll rooms. March, the second month of this term, found the majority of our class at the coliseum rooting for our basket-ball team. We lost the sectional honors to Manual, but this only proved an incentive toward winning the honors in 1923. Two members of our class were on this team, Paxton Unger and Walter Jolley. The baseball team, as usual, won the title of the state. Members of our class on this team were: Walter Jolley, Merle Calvert, and Paul Van Arsdale. Our track team won the sectional honors and carried the state for the first time. Our class was well represented, for on this team were Paxton Unger, Alfred Siler, Darrell Davies, Fremont Snyder, and William Lewis. Lewis now holds the school record for the half-mile.

In May we assembled in the new lunch room for our first class meeting. We were called to

order by Robert Nipper, president of the June, 1922, class. The constitution was read by a member of the constitutional committee. The class accepted it with a minor change. We then proceeded to elect our officers: Walter Jolley was chosen as our president; Helena Sieloff as vice-president; Harriet Stout, secretary; William Lewis, treasurer; Darrell Davies, sergeant-at-arms.

A few days later, Tech's R. O. T. C. unit was inspected by a reviewer from Washington. As a result, Tech was made an Honor school; as an additional honor, the inspectors decided we were the best drilled school in the country. Captain Edwards chose a group of boys for a drill team, to compete with Manual and Shortridge for the city championship. Frederick Sanders was chosen to command them. Our team won the cup.

Tech's decennial year, September, 1921 to June, 1922, was celebrated on May twenty-second with a very interesting program. In the afternoon a concert was given by the band; following this came a cantata, "Spring Raptures," presented by the advanced Girls' Glee Club; then, at twilight, the main event, a pageant, "The Spirit of Tech." The whole program was a success and nearly every Tech member had some part in its success.

We returned to school to attend our last term as students of Technical High School. We assumed the duty of regulating the traffic in the hallways and on the stairway, and have been successful because of the co-operation of the student body. Without their aid nothing could be accomplished and the school would resemble a monarchy. At Mr. Stuart's suggestion, each roll room was organized and each chose its officers.

The class chose Mr. Bretzman as official photographer. Then began the horrors of facing the camera. The magazine shows the results.

The play chosen for presentation was "Believe me, Xantippe," and the final announcement of the cast was: Elsie Milner, Barbara Fischer, Mary Frances Ogle, Lydia Bates, Donald Bruce, Stanley Kohlman, Theodore Pence, Frederick Sanders, Edwin Plum, Richard Jackson, Frank Langsenkamp, Darrell Davies, Walter Jolley, and Paxton Unger.

In October we celebrated Tech Outdoor Day. We planted "our bit" of Boston ivy in front of the Artillery building. By making it an annual Tech Day we hope to perpetuate the students' appreciation of our great out-of-doors.

The remaining officers were elected in November: prophets, Barbara Fischer and Edwin

Plum; willmakers, Kathryn Pangle and Howard Williams; historian, Virgil Williams. The colors chosen were coral and steel gray; our motto, *Together to the Top*; our poet, Hazel Westmoreland; our song writer, Florence Leshner. Our play, "Believe me, Xantippe," was presented at the Murat, December sixth, and was a complete success in every way. We spent only four dollars and fifty cents for advertising. This is the record for expenditures in advertising a senior play!

Early in the semester a number of our class received appointments to the CANNON staff. Barbara Fischer was made magazine editor, and Jerald Dunlap, magazine business manager. Members of Staff I were Harriet Stout, editor, Albert Bloemker and Frances Miller, who won the Freshman story contest. Members of Staff II: Kathryn Pangle, editor, and Stanley Kohlman; Isabel McKibbin has been the circulation manager of the paper.

At the business organization of the new Indiana State Press Association, Kathryn Pangle was elected secretary-treasurer.

Now that we have reached our goal of the past eight semesters we are sorry our high school days are over. As we leave our dear old Tech we would like to give each future senior the advice, "Make the best of your school days, because they come but once."

VIRGIL H. WILLIAMS, JR.

Class Poem

As we, Tech's January Seniors,
Think of the past, year by year.
We compare our lot with the sailor,
For similar they do appear.
For we are on life's ocean,
That ocean so dark and deep;
The breakers pound our vessel,
But the howling storms we meet.
The calm is oft turned to a tempest,
But we must weather the gale.
We grasp at life's hugh billows.
And quake at the flap of a sail.
Then in the midst of our terror
Some one espies a light!
The beacon gleams forth clearer,
How gladly we welcome the sight!
Tech was the lighthouse that saved us;
Her light shone over life's sea;
For this we duly are grateful.
We sailors of Class '23.

HAZEL WESTMORELAND

The Last Will and Testament of the January 1923 Class

We, the willmakers of the January, 1923 Class of the Arsenal Technical Schools, do hereby submit this last Will and Testament of the august Seniors.

To the Freshies' care, we intrust four new years of strange experiences and unexplored life, with the hope that they shall make the most of them.

To the Juniors and Sophomores, we will the lunch room privileges, the tide in Pogue's Ocean, and the fourth floor of the Main building. The Juniors shall be sole heirs of the trials and tribulations of a graduating class.

To the school, as a whole, we leave the faculty, a supply of uncalled for A pluses, the space we occupied, and our eagerness to make Technical the ideal school of the United States.

As individuals, we give to the future wearers of our laurels the following:

Kenneth Amick tearfully wills his season ticket for the hole in the fence surrounding Irwin Field to Herman Brochers.

Lydia Bates wills her Butler propensities to Louise Spillman.

William Byrkit bestows his ability to escape from receiving unsatisfactory part times to Jimmie McCollum.

Mezzie Dalton bequeaths her cradle to the smallest, as well as youngest, member of the June graduating class.

Waldo Carter wishes to give his art of female impersonation to Leon Desautel.

Marvel Boyd desires to hand down his book, "On the Art of Keeping Still," by Tech teachers, to Robert Hosea.

William Burke leaves his five feet, twelve inches of height to Melvin Server.

Harold Brennan bequeaths his coy and modest ways to the dainty, blushing George Cottrell.

Allen Clark and Henry Bullard bestow their class-disturbing noises to the angelic Russell Clift and John Lemon.

Florence Davis awards her journalistic tendencies to Gertrude Kaiser with the expectation that Gertude will develop into a second Mary Bostwick.

Ruth Holman gives her unrivaled collection of D's to Beulah Kealing.

Helen Cather presents her heart-warming, smile-bringing giggle to Elizabeth Holmes.

Our two and one-half pecks of unsatisfactory part-times accumulated by Opal Hartman, Ethel Hensly, Kathleen Klaiber, and Ruth Harrig, are to be awarded to the four June Seniors who have managed, by the sweat of their brows, to keep their studies from interfering with their pleasures.

Harold Bailey bequeaths his widely known reputation of living up to the letter of the law to Richard Bunch.

Floyd Beeler intrusts his aged wad of Spearmint to the capable jaws of George Gasper.

Hartzell Boren gives his somewhat trying place as faculty son to Edward Greene, Jr.

Robert Davis leaves his quota of milk bottles to Gus Sieloff.

Catherine Douglas donates her daily supply of potato chips to Julia Casey.

Jerald Dunlap bestows his skill in juggling dangling participles and split infinitives to Archie Langlais.

Florence Egan and Herschel Goodnight wish to give their front seat advantages in roll room to Elizabeth Riley and Benjamin King.

Kathleen Eskey and Helen Frey will their vanity boxes and blue-ribboned powder puffs to Elsie Lacker and Bernetha Thomas.

Franklin Gamage wills his stage voice whippers in study and class to Norman Baxter.

Glenn Finley feels so sorry for the campus darlings who have plucked their eyebrows to the disappearing point, that he compassionately offers them his own supply.

Barbara Fischer awards her solemn visage and serious outlook upon life to the equally grave Irma Schnabel.

Clark Gearhart wills that rare golden silence of his to James Dinwiddie.

Parks Gilmore gives his well-mastered public speaking formula of "Mr. President, I move we adjourn," to Adrian Pierce.

Charlotte Gurley wants to be sure that her place in the yell squad is not vacant next semester, so she intrusts it to Josephine Kennedy.

Dorothy Hale leaves her startling, deep, throaty contralto to Lucille Pell.

Esther Hayes bequeaths her bold, aggressive ways to Josephine O'Donnell.

Mildred Dietz desires to give her blonde fairness to the appreciative Helen Tapp.

Margaret Hughes gives her loafing place in the production office to Katherine Hackemeyer.

Josephine Hyde, our girl from India, leaves her roll room talks on, "My Adventures among the Hindoos" to her sister, Eleanor.

Dorothy Johnson wills her place at the end of the lunch line to Dorothy Lang.

Mildred Johnson leaves her tomboy ways to Ruth Trueblood.

Mildred Kelly wills her French manners and accent to Gwendolyn Ullom.

Culasa Kinnaman bestows her Galli-Curci trillings, her leather wristlet, and yards of smiles to Mildred Pratt.

Talbott Knight wishes to present his bashful, retiring nature to Monroe Turner.

Stanley Kohlman bequeaths his pessimistic gruffness to Allen Majors.

Richard Krick wishes to hand down his guaranteed smile to Robert Burt.

Myrtle Lahmann and Jeanette Leek hand their sweet laughter and natural, girlish charm to Martha and Mary Ludy.

Irvin Lavery wills his efficient management of roll room amusements to the versatile Monta Jessup.

Eugene Lyon leaves his bravery in stemming the candy counter tide for peanut clusters to Robert Webb.

Gerald McDaniel donates his daily iron of the Sunkist brand to Donald Gullion.

Harold Magee asks that his Gillette shaving set be given to Verlie Newcomer with the understanding that it is a tool and not an ornament.

Frances Miller bequeaths her CANNON staff pencil and the brain storm brought by staff assignments to Louise Rice.

Edna Mitchell announces that she would like to have her treatise on "How to Leap English Hurdles" presented to Agnes Search.

Cranston Mugg gives his foot-parking space to Leland Morgan.

Susie Nicely furtively requests that her lip stick be given to Frances Peters.

Earl Ostermeier donates the four and one-half dozen paper wads stored in a desk in

room 184 to the first person who locates them next semester.

Theodore Pence wills his art of staging lazy ways to William Westfall.

Virgil Peters gives his decorated R. O. T. C. uniform to the first freshie that wants to play soldier.

Katherine Tarr presents her beautiful, hand-painted traffic badge to Louise Schetter.

Mae Turner hands down her popularity and exquisitely rendered piano solos to Vera Adams.

Walter Jolley leaves his Boston bag and the ability to wield the presidential gavel to Cleo Peterson.

Frank Wilson reluctantly parts with his cheer-raising strut and woefully passes it on to Frederick Shick.

Helena Sieloff bequeaths her funny habit of rushing aimlessly down the corridors to Mabel Wendt.

Harland Rue wills his political strategy in instigating Senior meetings to Rolla Willey.

Hazel Westmoreland gives her drawl, coquettish glances, and sudden attacks of poetical fervor to Ruth Dinwiddie.

Darrell Davies and William Lewis will several pilfered football jerseys and two charlie horses, guaranteed not to kick, to Toby Maxwell and "Deac." Garrison.

Harriet Jane Stout presents her sunset-hued scarf and her gift of making life-long friendships to Eloise Owings.

Virgil Williams hands down his forceful voice, and his wonderful phrases, employed in the governorship of roll call, to Chester Lafferty.

Margaret Rink wishes to give her long, fluffy tresses and peach-and-cream complexion to Vivian Stevenson.

Lillian Selby and Frances Shaneberger bequeath their wonderful Gold Dust Twin companionship to Katherine Devaney and Betty White.

Fred Smith wills his daily pilgrimage to the Tech pharmacy to Robert Wells.

Leslie Stoner gives his perfect understanding of parliamentary procedure, as advanced in Senior meetings, to James Day.

Ted Plum presents his position as ARSENAL CANNON humorist, and its urgent responsibilities which daily take him out of study, to Raymond Carr.

James Hutton wills his elbow room on Miss Thuemler's desk to Bob Nelson.

Irma Jean Railsback and Dorothy Roehm desire to give their collection of Morning Stars, stored in room 173, to Virginia Meek and Geraldine Watt.

Paul Van Arsdale feels so sorry for little "Abie" that he wills him some of his spare inches, and directions for a double fall which will land him in his home.

Mary Wagoner and Lavon Whitmire bequeath their strong argumentative ways and boisterous natures to Catherine Brandt and Elizabeth Thompson.

And, last of all, we, the willmakers, leave to all future holders of the same office, a sympathy that can only be felt by those who have a perfect understanding of our labors; to the members of the faculty, our most heartfelt thanks; to the school, as a whole, a last farewell.

We hereby affix our signatures to this last record of the January 1923 Class of the Arsenal Technical Schools:

Signed:

KATHRYN PANGLE
HOWARD (PETE) WILLIAMS

Class Song of January '23

I

The years we have spent with you, dear Tech,
Will help us thru all our course of life.

The preparation we received will serve us all
thru time.

The inspiration you have given, creates ideals
sublime.

CHORUS

Oh Technical, dear Technical, we say farewell
to thee,

Farewell, dear classmates, one and all, our class
of twenty-three;

The standards we have learned to keep, will
help us to excel,

So farewell, dear teachers, friends so dear, fare-
well, farewell.

II

And when we leave our dear Technical
Ne'er more your wooded ground to roam,

We'll always hold you true, dear Tech, to us
you seemed like home;

We'll always love your honored name.

May you increase your fame.

FLORENCE LESHER

Co-Workers

The following are the names of those who have served on senior committees:

COLORS: Mildred Johnson, chairman; Morton Cox, Louise Hammerly, Eugene Lyons, Catherine Phipps.

PLAY: Kathryn Pangle, chairman; Lydia Bates, Richard Jackson, Donald Paidrick.

SOCIAL: Paxton Unger, Dorothy Drake, chairman; Edna Mitchell, Edwin Plum, Floyd Beeler, Dorothy Thomas, Culasa Kinnaman.

CLASS NIGHT: Jerald Dunlap, chairman; Hazel Westmoreland, Glenn Finley, Leah Hollingsworth, Frank Wilson.

TREE DAY: Virgil Williams, chairman; Frances Miller, Alvin Leeb, Josephine Hyde, Jerald Dunlap.

PIN: Opal Hartman, chairman; Harland Rue, Arthur Love, Thelma Whitney, Florence Davis.

PICTURE: Aaron Stroud, chairman; Kathryn Tarr, Marion Wells, Ruth Holman, Charles Chandler.

ANNOUNCEMENTS: Albert Bloemker, chairman; Fred Smith, Helen Amthor, Earl Ostermeier, Lavon Whitmire.

FLOWER and MOTTO: Stanley Kohlman, chairman; Kathleen Esky, Ruth Harrig, Dorothy Shaffer, Albert Brethauer.

GIFT: Irvin Lavery, chairman; Helen Walker, Mezzie Dalton, Lillian Selby, Emerson Harris.

Parting Time

There is no person so glad and yet so sad as a senior. He is filled with joy when he thinks of being a successful graduate; when he thinks of the high honor which is his; when he reaches the point of leadership. But is there any sadness like unto this when he contemplates leaving high school days, friendships, certain adored teachers, and the beloved campus behind?

No matter how much one wishes for seniority he can not help but regret the nearness of parting. Senior days are the real separation from young manhood to full maturity. For only once can one know the joys and sorrows of high school days.

January '23

CLASS MOTTO: "Together to the Top."

CLASS FLOWER: Ophelia Roses.

CLASS COLORS: Primrose and Steel.

Prophecy of the January Class of 1923

* On a cold night in January, just as the clock was striking midnight, two figures crept to the gates of the Technical High School and stepped into the deep shadows of the campus. A few minutes later, had anyone chanced to follow, he would have seen a dim light burning in the Main building, and creeping along the hall of the second floor, the onlooker would have observed the two figures disappear into a large room at the north end of the hall. Upon entering, they hurriedly dropped into seats and sat gazing at the blackboard. Suddenly, without warning, a blur of words appeared there and the two figures leaned anxiously forward.

"I knew, should we return to our old haunts, all would be revealed," said one.

"Yes, it is the writing on the wall," said the other.

The following is what appeared on the board.

Marion Abbett has a ninety-nine year lease on the news stand at Meridian and Delaware streets.

Helen Anthor and Virginia Burke are now singing Grand Opera in New York.

Marion Baden, Helen Davis, and Helen Dobson are missionaries in Lapland.

Bob Batchelor has just finished his fourth book on "My Actor Friend."

Foster Beach is now proprietor of the "Beaches" at Cedar Point.

Jacob Caskey, Charles Carson, and Charles Chandler are bell hops on the thirty-second floor of the hotel at Bean Blossom.

Donald Bruce is now a floor-walker at the Star store.

Juanita Boyer and Albert Brethauer are the chief salesmen for the Fatout Fan Company.

Morton Cox is manager of the branch office in Greenland.

Helen Ernst and Morris Finkel own the finest "hot dog" stand at the Fair Grounds.

Norbert Franz and David Knapp are head ushers at the Palms Opera House.

Richard Jackson, prominent among society folk, recently gave a box party at the Manhattan theatre. Josephine Keller and Dorothy Kirkham featured the program as aesthetic dancers.

Dorothy Heath and Leah Hollingsworth are joint owners of the "Tasty Pastry Shop."

Helen Koehne is spending the winter months in Honolulu. She wrote back that she saw Dorothy Thomas and Ellis Dunn inspecting volcanoes in the interests of science.

Dorothy Drake is giving lessons to parrots. Feathered birds only are taught.

Walter Jolley, our honored and esteemed president, is now Professor of Piano Tuning at Columbia University.

Albert Bloenker is now chief of police at Bainbridge, Ind. He was awarded his position because of previous training received at Technical High School during the Courtesy campaign.

Darrel Davies now sets the ladies' fashions in his exclusive tailor shop in Chicago. His best model is Isabel McKibbin, formerly of the Circle Fashion Show.

Helena Sieloff, our beloved vice-president, is now the foremost spiritualist medium in Missouri.

Harriet Jane Stout has been chosen as the leading lady for Frank Langsenkamp's latest stage success.

William Lewis was recently promoted to the position of cashier in Michael Laepsy's clothing store on the avenue.

Sarah Kimmich is head stenographer in the Love Booster Company, which is famous for advanced editions of new ideas.

Having seen the last words disappear from the board, the two figures crept back along the hall, down the stairs, and out of the building, fading slowly away into the darkness.

BARBARA FISCHER

EDWIN PLUM

Finis

Pet Sayings of the Near Great

Dot Drake: The birdies are singin'.

Barbara Fischer: Personally—

Helena Sieloff: I'm lonesome.

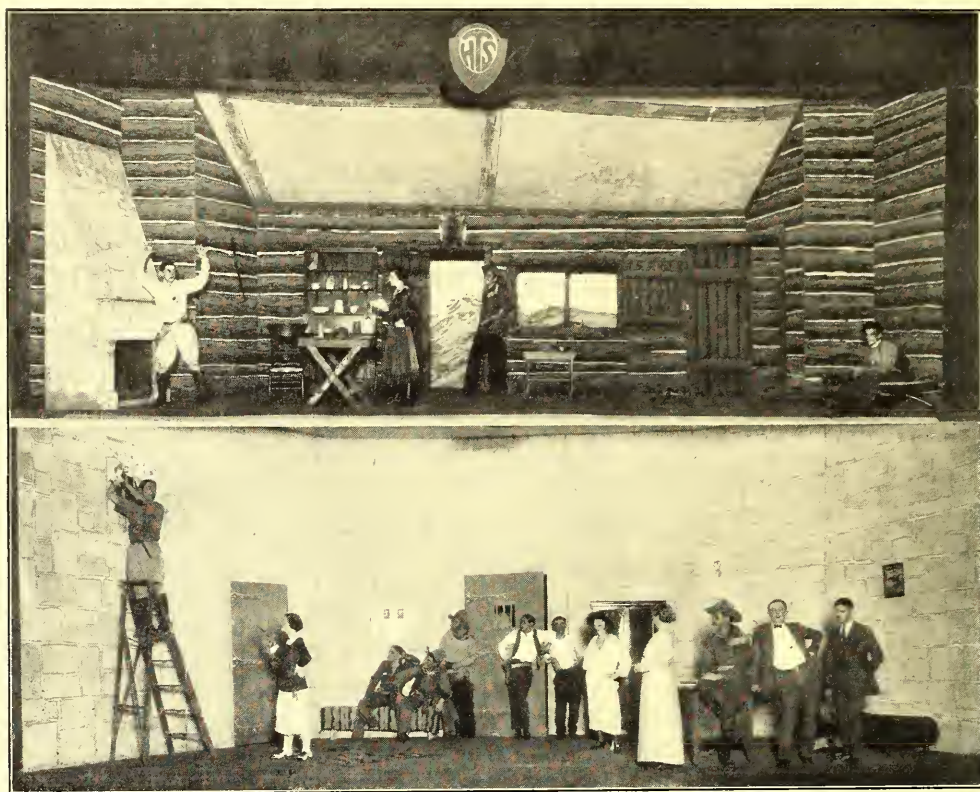
Fred Smith: Sweet ivory soap—

Stanley Kohlman: I'm not as dumb as—

Florence Davis: If that isn't the snake's hip—

Frank Wilson: Aw, ya big stiff.

Bill Lewis: He may be your man—



SCENES FROM "BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE"

December Sixth

"Believe me, Xantippe," presented at the Murat on December sixth, by the class of January 1923, was certainly a huge success. As each class presents its play, everyone thinks that it is the best one ever staged; but this year it is safe to say that Tech has never offered a better one. From the moment the curtain rose, displaying a most artistic room, until it fell at the end of the last act, the interest and suspense of the audience was held.

It is a story of an easterner, who, believing the police force incapable of arresting any criminal with a reasonable amount of brains, makes a bet with Brown, a lawyer, and Sole, a detective, that he can forge a check and escape capture for one year. After eleven months have elapsed, he is found wandering about in the

mountains of Colorado, near a hunting shack belonging to "Buck" Kammon, a sheriff. "Buck" has just left, but Dolly, his daughter, is in the cabin. She discovers MacFarland's identity when he uses his favorite expression "Believe me, Xantippe," and proceeds to pull forth a revolver and arrests him. Later, her prisoner saves her from "Simp" Calloway, a gunman. After she takes them to the county jail, the sheriff rewards his daughter for her two captures by making her a deputy. Dolly lets MacFarland escape when she learns of his bet and so, although Aunt Martha recaptures him just after Brown and Sole come to release him, he wins the money, for he has not been captured by an officer of the law. Not only of thirty thousand dollars is MacFarland the winner, but of Dolly.

The audience was certainly delighted with the play—a real western comedy, with cowboys, a sheriff, and, to make it different, an easterner. The cast could not possibly have been better chosen, for each portrayed his part splendidly. Donald Bruce certainly proved his acting ability, for his part was by no means an easy one. Everyone was delighted with his interpretation of an easterner new to the west. Elsie Milner, as the western girl, was certainly excellent; her sudden changes from a most formidable captor to a young girl were indeed interesting. Every play, to be perfect, must have a villain and “villainess,” so of course this play had them. Stanley Kohlman was assuredly a gunman to strike terror into the hearts of the bravest; Mary Frances Ogle distinguished herself as the vamp, for she was an unusually good one. Edwin Plum was a splendid father and sheriff; Barbara Fischer made a very definite character of Aunt Martha. The play could not have been truly western without the cowboys, Walter Jolley, Paxton Unger, and Darrell Davies; and what is a jail without a jailer—especially one like Theodore Pence? Frederick Sanders and Frank Langenskamp were typical New Yorkers, while Lydia Bates proved a surprise by appearing in the guise of an Indian squaw. The characters were all fine, and to Miss Fogg is due much of the success of the undertaking; the production itself showed the splendid directing it had received. Mr. Chelsea Stuart designed the scenery, and Miss Stebbins, the costumes.

CHARACTERS

George MacFarland.....	Donald Bruce
“Buck” Kammon.....	Edwin Plum
“Simp” Calloway.....	Stanley Kohlman
Wren	Theodore Pence
Brown	Frederick Sanders
Sole	Frank Langenskamp
William	Richard Jackson
	{Walter Jolley
Cowboys	{Paxton Unger
	{Darrell Davies
Dolly.....	Elsie Milner
Violet.....	Mary Frances Ogle
Aunt Mary.....	Barbara Fischer
Indian Squaw.....	Lydia Bates

SCENES

Act I.—October seventh. MacFarland’s apartment in New York City.

Act II.—September thirtieth. A hunting shack in southwestern Colorado.

Act III.—Two days later. The county jail at Delta, Colorado.

Act IV.—Four days later. The same.

Tech Outdoor Day

Senior Ivy Day

“Tech Outdoor Day, Tech Outdoor Day
Celebration sublime;

Oh, may this inspiration ever
Serve as our guide all the time.”

Tech Outdoor Day was celebrated this year on October twenty-fifth, under the auspices of the January ’23 senior class. The usual Ivy Day program, witnessed by the class, consisted of an informal planting of Boston ivy by the president, Walter Jolley, and the vice-president, Helena Sieloff. The president gave a short speech upon this occasion.

Afterwards the whole school assembled on the athletic field where the January class paraded with banners and decorations of green and white. The procession lined up facing the bleachers, while Virgil Williams, chairman of the Outdoor Day committee, spoke of the significance of the event and what it should mean to present and future Technonians. He said that the day should be held in high esteem by all Technonians, for it is a time to appreciate nature as she displays herself on the seventy-six acres of the Tech campus.

Other speeches were made by Mr. Stuart, and by Mr. Hes, president of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce. An excellent imitation of bird calls was given. The entire school sang songs, written especially for Outdoor Day, and when the Tech song had been sung, the program came to a close.

Tech Outdoor Day is to be an important semi-annual celebration. Every Technonion will be out on the campus for one hour so that he may appreciate the beauties of his school.

Know ‘Em

Jack and Jill
Came out to Tech
To seek an education.
They were so punk
They both did flunk;
Oh, what an aggravation!

To work they flew,
According to
Miss Thuemler’s regulation.
You’ll see them now,
(They make their bow)
At our next graduation.

ALVIN SCHELLSCHMIDT

Know more than others if you can, but do not
tell them so. *Chesterfield*



Don McCaslin has a trained auto that turns circles at a mere turn of the wrist.

I bet Louise Schetters is glad her brother Bob has a new sweater.

"Traffic Cops We Have Known" written by Rosamond Barbieur and dedicated to Alvin Leeb.

Agnes Search surely must have all her classes on the lunch room steps.

I wonder why everybody looks blank when somebody mentions Benjamin King; and brilliant when some one says "Ben" King.

We hope that Robert Batchelor has given up his idea of building a railroad from College avenue to Tech.

We understand that Helena Sieloff is going to change her green sweater with a block "T" on it for a blue one with a block "B" on it.

We have heard that Morton Cox and Donald Bruce are going to make a trip to California this spring. We wish you good luck, boys.

One of Charles "Chad" Williamson's rich relatives evidently left him some money. He is now riding around in a new Ford coupe.

Sanders Myers is rapidly advancing. He may soon control the Hook Drug Company. At present he "slings sodas."

Donald Bruce says that Vivian Stevenson has the profile of a Greek goddess.

We understand that Cranston Mugg intends to raise another mustache. We hope that this one will be better than the last one.

Frederick Shick says that carrying his books around in a satchel makes him smarter.

Victor Nelson says that he is not going to get any more D's. If that is true we're for him.

Does anybody know why Elmer Thompson wishes to be the June class prophet?

The "boil club," consisting of Fred Willis, Hank Devany, and Ed Masson, seems to have broken up because of the lack of boils.

Mary Wagoner says that she thoroughly enjoyed her job as secretary of roll room 173.

Bob Finney says that even though he and Glenn Finley started in high school together, it is no sign that they will get out together.

We hope that Harold Brennan will change his mind about going to a non co-ed college because we think it will increase his bashfulness.

We hope that Ted Midkiff will take advantage of what he has learned in salesmanship by selling his favorite instrument—cornet—to future Tech bands.

Carl Stegemeier and Jimmy Hatton are working in competition with Bob Young in introducing new fads at Tech.

We like Virgil Williams' "The chair is in doubt," and other numerous sayings of his.

Lydia Bates' coolness while sitting by the fire was surely remarkable.

Leon Desautel has been bringing up "new business" so consistently in his Public Speaking class that he has received the name, "New business Desautel."

Harold Zimmerman and Dale Shaffner have a monopoly on the "lost and found" industry at Tech.

Charlotte Reisner says that her preference for dark colors is due to her weak eyes.

Ann Brubaker seems very lonesome these days. Seems sorta funny.

Violet Twitchel is in training; learning to cook, not to be an athlete.

We wonder why James Day always tries to get his CANNON on Wednesday, instead of Monday.

Perhaps we have a future editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in Walter Browning. If not an editor, certainly a contributor.

Grace Elizabeth Lashbrook surely makes a good office messenger. Why not establish an agency of your own?

For the first time in history Bill Lewis heard his full name pronounced by a fellow class member. When? At the final roll call of the January class.

Louise Rice is making a collection of photos called "Heroes of Tech."

Cleo Peterson states he only knows two girls on the campus. Come around and get introduced, Cleo!

Have you heard Irvin Lavery's dissertation on "Royalties"? What scenario company has engaged him?

It is rumored that Elmer Clark is going to be DePalma's mechanic in the next five hundred mile race.

Bob Nelson invites all of his friends to go riding with him in the new pushmobile that Santa Claus brought him.

Carlos Jefry made his first basket of the season with the aid of a step ladder. Great improvement since last semester is shown.

Lost, strayed, or stolen: Billy Bloomer. Finder will receive an enormous reward.

It is rumored that Martha Alice Thompson is going to be a second Thelma Blossom.

Toby Maxwell's seven bottles of milk per day do not seem to make him fat.

Girls! If you need any information of any kind, see Bob Timer.

These personals really aren't meant to be *very* personal.

Robert Young and the latest styles in men's footwear are synonymous this semester.

Elsie Milner will give lessons free of charge on "How to be a Star that Shines."

Edward Aldred declares he shaves every other day. But the rule doesn't always hold. Eh, Ed?

Chet Lafferty is going to be the Lochinvar of the June class. No doubt he has ability.

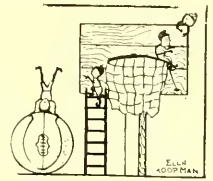
Culasa Kinnaman's favorite book is the "Big Four Time Table."

"Chic" Jackson says that he is going to take a job this spring as butler at John D. Rockefeller's estate.

Walter Jolley needs a new basket-ball uniform. Will the school please save their pennies?

This is the ladder that Jefry used to put the ball in the basket.

Delmar Curry likes a change every two weeks. We're still wondering what kind.



Harold Russell enjoys visiting other roll rooms between works.

We wonder what Warder Castle eats?

The first table in the lunch room near the south end on the west side has been awarded to Virgil Williams.

Don Bruce is going to edit a column in the *Cincinnati Enquirer* under the head of "Our Ancestors." You probably hadn't guessed it, but Don's quite up on such things.

Waldo Wickliff says the cinders at Tech just nearly kill him. It's a pity to have such a great career cut short.

It's a good thing to put talent to good use. Kenneth Hoagland is taking a two-year correspondence course in art.

Fred Sanders is said to spend hours gazing at the Arsenal clock. We always knew the tardy system would turn some one's brain.

Theodore Pence won't have any trouble securing a job as jailer. Such a cheerful soul would be an asset to any business.

Daisy Folkert has a volume ready for publication entitled, "At the Lunch Room Door."

Kathryn Pangle is evidently revisiting scenes of past triumphs. It has been said Franklin campus is her favorite rendezvous.

Dorothy Drake was recently found with two unabridged volumes of Webster's in front of her and a note-book in her hand. Evidently another brain throb.

Did you ever hear Ted Plum singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," in roll room 173?

A rumor has been circulated that Frank Wilson is to be asked to succeed Sousa. Well, we've always said Frank would succeed.

Harriet Stout delights in making a collection of pictures.

We wonder when Lloyd Rinehart will begin to turn his note-books in on time.

We wonder why Lester Ford is so bashful when in the presence of ladies.

Bobbed hair seems to be a fashion among both sexes.

Captain Demmery and Lieutenant Graybill are expected to return from Europe on the *Olympia*.

For lessons in argumentation see Albert Bloemker.

We wonder what keeps Frances Shanenberger from growing.

We wonder if sitting together makes Charlotte Gilman's and Eloise Owing's food taste better.

Isn't Lee Wood some artist? Look in this magazine at some of the title sheets that he designed.

We hope that Alvin Leeb will continue making A+'s all through college.

We wish May Turner and Mildred Pratt would sell some of their beautiful locks of hair.

For lessons in popularity see Frances Spahr.

It has been said that Russel Clift plays basket ball like he drives a Ford.

When it comes to "dependability," Jerald Dunlap is right there.

Things We Wouldn't Want To Miss

Walt Jolley's smile.

Frank Wilson's strut.

Helena Sieloff's giggle.

"Virg." Williams' august presence.

Operas.

The janitors.

"Clock" Kinnaman's lovely voice.

Dot Drake's beaming face.

Football games.

Class plays.

Basket-ball tournaments.

Little Benny's Note-Book

We was rather blew at a meeting of the Teckidiots right after school in Sids rum, the last candle having burned up and it being dreadful dark in Sids shed at nite. They wasn't much to tawk about only that they wouldn't be eny more Januery senyors much longer, us all likin them the best.

"Gee-heck," sed Puds, "wunt it be funny? Teck wunt seem the same which maybe it wunt."

After we had tawked and tawked about nothing much of anything me and Puds got to tawkin off by ourselves. Then we sed (me doin the tawkin) I stepped foreword with a dramatic gesture saying, "Me'n Puds has sumthing wat we wush to submit to the assemblage, this being it that beins as we can't hupl it coz the Januery senyors is leevin Teck we can at leest use them for examples coz they wasn't to gud nor to bad but jus in between. Meaning they was just rite."

Where on we pledged to wat has been sed. Then sumbudy suggested that we rite sum pomes. Which we did, the following one bein the best:

POME ENTITLED "GOODBYE TO YOU"

*Written by Benny Potts to the tune of
"Smilin' Thru."*

There's a big senyor class

Wat is just leevin Teck,

To go out in the world all alone.

It's the best class in Teck

You can bet that, by heck

It cud hold its own!

Januery '23—for me!

After the best one was picked we went home, feelin' a little better, but not much. After that: Does candles burn up or down? Le finis.

As a result of havin herd Mary Watkins tell Pud Simpkins that she thot eny boy wat wud keep a diary or a note-book was a sissy coz they was for girls only, I, Benny Potts, take my pen in hand, and hereby solemnly swer that hereafter I will not record my thots but will keep them myself.

Signed,

BENNY POTTS

Now, don't you agree with me that Fred Sanders is a good personal writer? Yes, he produced most of these personals.

Student Accomplishment S





Tech's Minute Girls

It was in January. The graduating class of school number 90 was having its class party. The whole class had unanimously elected Tech as its school. One of those charming girls of the Girls' Glee Club of the Technical High School was the guest of honor at the party. She was urged to tell them something about the organization of which she was a proud member. Of course she was delighted. And don't you wish that you had been there to hear her? I do.

"You must know, girls," began this enthusiastic member, "I consider the Girls' Glee Club the finest organization at Tech. There aren't words to tell you how much we all love it and how fine it really is. But I'll tell you about some of the things they did last semester and then maybe you can understand how it is."

"Oh, please tell us all about it," pleaded the girls.

So the Glee Club girl settled back in her chair and prepared to tell them everything, "Um-m, and a little bit more."

"Well, girls, in every school there are always some people who do not live up to the ideals set for them. The monsters 'Haircombing' and 'Gumchewing' had run riot all over our school. No one knew what to do. Any time during the week you would surely be forced to extract a hair from your soup or pie, and you all know how unpleasant that is. But the students were not the only ones who suffered. The poor janitors! They collected two coal buckets of gum from under chairs and tables, and just

every place you could imagine. Well, these 'Jinglers' of the Glee Club wrote some clever little songs about 'Mary Had a Wad of Gum,' and 'Johnny Had a Wad of Gum,' and nothing whatever was said about not chewing gum, or not combing the hair in the lunch room; but the ones that the shoe fit—well, they just put it on and nothing more was said.

"At the game with Elwood the Glee Club sang. Among their numbers was the peppiest little song about

'This is just a little tune

About the finest team of all.'

The words and music, by the way, were written by Mabel Wendt, a member of the club.

"Then came the entertaining of the freshman girls. The Glee Club put on a charming program with the assistance of the January seniors. A feature of the program was a 'Flapper at Tech.' The characters were Julian Hunt, Genevieve McNellis, Kathryne Karch, Mabel Wendt, and Thelma Caldwell. Every freshman there decided to leave their knickers and earrings, plus a few more things, home.

"Twelve girls from the Glee Club were chosen to sing for the Kiwanis Club at the Claypool hotel. These girls were to show how music features in education. Besides the 'Lost Chord' and the 'Canoe Song,' which the girls sang beautifully, there were a number of school spirit songs, athletic songs, and 'take-offs' on the Kiwanians. All of these songs were written by Mabel Wendt, and a number were her own

compositions. The twelve girls were: Charlotte Reisner, Mary Ennis, Kathryn Karch, Virginia Mann, Mabel Wendt, Bertha Green, Sue Anna Engle, Elizabeth Engle, Vivian Stevenson, Genevieve McNellis, and Margaret Ice. Louise Spillman was the accompanist and Miss Kaltz, of course, directed the girls. For what could they do without her capable instruction?

"Girls, I think I had better stop. I could tell you of many more undertakings of the semester, but I have taken up more time than I should have. These boys don't look as if they have enjoyed this talk very much, but they will soon learn to know and to look forward to hearing the Glee Club just as the boys at Tech do."



The Nature Lovers

All through the winter months while most of nature's charms have been hidden as beneath a veil, some twenty or twenty-five young people have met each week to share experiences in field and wood and to plan for additional pleasures to begin at the first call of spring.

The humble beginning of what we hope may grow into a real museum worthy of our school,



has been laid in room 89 in the East Residence. Among the fond hopes cherished by this organization of idealists are the establishing on the Tech campus of bird shelters and feeding stations, bird baths, and bird homes; the construction of a fountain, a lily pond, and an inclosed wild flower garden. All these features will add to the landscaping of the grounds and help to make our campus attractive for Nature's creatures as well as a pleasant place in which to spend several of the most important years of our lives.

And now for the spring semester. Soon the contest will be on to see the first spring bird

and find the first wild flower. Doesn't it send your blood leaping to hear the cardinal calling from the tree tops along Pogue's Run? Who doesn't feel restless when the sun begins to linger in the heavens, when the maple sap begins to flow, and the buds begin to swell? Can you sleep late at this season? Then you are missing the best of life. If you would be eternally young and taste the real joys of life, plan your program this coming semester to include a few early morning bird hikes and some Saturday excursions to the woods to see, to smell, to enjoy, to learn to love but not destroy the beautiful wild flowers in their native retreats. Nature is calling you. We, nature's "fans," invite you.

The Musical Four

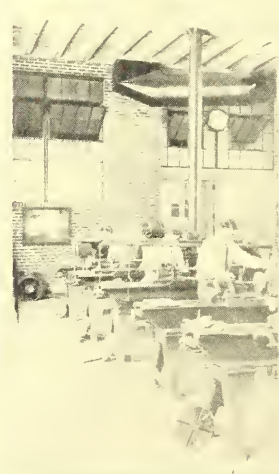
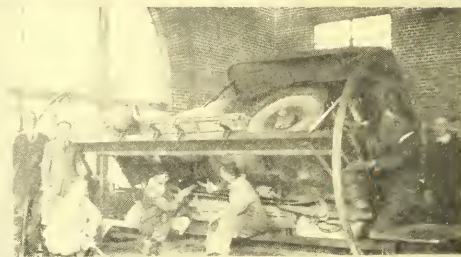
The Boys' Quartette, under the direction of Mr. F. A. Barker, has accomplished a great deal this semester in the way of music. They sang at the first of the semester in auditorium, and over radio on the seventeenth of November. At the Choral Society party they were on the program and made quite a success. The quartette had invitations to sing at other places but were unable to accept them. Those in the quartette are Bruce Savage, first tenor; George Cottrell, second tenor; Adrian R. Pierce, first bass; and George A. Newton, Jr., second bass.



Outside Music

Do you study music outside? Why not receive credit for it? Why should you not take advantage of the great opportunity offered you by the school in which you receive one full credit for music studied outside?

At the monthly meetings members are given an opportunity to play the piano, toot their horns, or exercise their vocal chords before the class and Mr. Percival, and really have a little recital of their own. O, yes, they have social meetings, too, and very interesting times. Just think of studying music outside, and receiving one full credit. Now, the question arises: "How can I take outside music?" Don't get excited! It is really quite simple. Just sign up for Harmony as a fourth subject, and with the recommendation of one of the music directors, you may take outside music as a fifth subject. Sounds interesting, doesn't it? It surely is, too: try it next semester! ROSEMARY A. LAWLOR



Stage Sets
Designed by
Pupils



Miss Stebbins Class
in
Stage Design



Miss Roberts' Batik Class



Work of the Classes in ENGLISH COMPOSITION



THE LATIN CLUB

Lively Latin

Sodolitas Latina has completed its second thriving term and has put life into the Latin routine. Nine elected officers formed the executive body and presided in accordance with the customs of the ancient Roman senate.

On February fourteenth, 1922, the club was organized for the purpose of studying more closely the lives of Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil. During the term certain famous and also original songs were learned. A well attended outdoor meeting completed the first successful semester.

On October sixth, 1922, this semester's work began with enthusiasm. Interesting and clever papers on the lives and habits of the Romans have been read at the meetings. The club members have become acquainted with "The Family," "Dress and Personal Ornament," "The Marriage and Position of Women," and the "Children and Education of the Ancient Romans." A play, written and staged by a Cæsar class, was given under the auspices of the club. It was a success, both educationally and financially.

The Saturnalia, or holiday meeting, on December eighth, was quite interesting and enjoyable. The celebration, held in the new lunch room, resulted in a jolly, informal affair. The whole Latin department participated in the stunts and costumes parade. Venders sold "Malabona" and "Placenta Dulca," calling out their wares in lusty Latin. It was a brilliant event in a social way for the Latin club.

The members have boosted the club, have proven themselves loyal backers of the Barn, and are looking forward to even a finer term for 1923.

The Choral Society

During the past semester the Choral Society has been active as usual. The following officers were elected at the first of the semester: Carlos Jefry, president; Culasa Kinnaman, vice-president; Kathleen Jefry, secretary; Chester Laferty, treasurer; Adrian Pierce, attorney-general; James Hatton, sergeant-at-arms.

The singing this semester has been very fine, especially at the auditorium exercises.

The party which was held in the lunch room was also a huge success. Some of the guests who were invited were: the CANNON staff; the cast of the senior play; and Miss Thuemler. Music was furnished by an excellent orchestra.

A great many members of the Society are graduating, but the Choral Society will go on under the able direction of Miss Kaltz.

TED PLUM



Nothing much has been said, this semester, about the Boys' Glee Club. I doubt if there are very many who know there was any at all. There is, and it has not been idle this semester, for the few boys that are members have been working hard all term. It is hoped to enlarge the Glee Club next year and, for this reason, a considerable amount of work has been done. Students who have been around the West Residence, the seventh period, will agree that strains of vocal music, piano solos, and much discussion, has floated out the door of Room 24.

LESTER LIVINGSTON



CREATORS FROM THE SEWING AND MILLINERY CLASSES

A Real Welcome

On October eighteenth, during the ninth and tenth periods, the Glee Club staged a big welcome party for the freshmen girls. If any girl left that assembly without feeling that she was a part of our school, it was not the fault of the Glee Club, our dean of girls, Mr. Stuart, Miss Kaltz, or the seniors. It is to be hoped that the suggestions brought home at this party will last through the days they spend at Tech.

Tech Courtesy

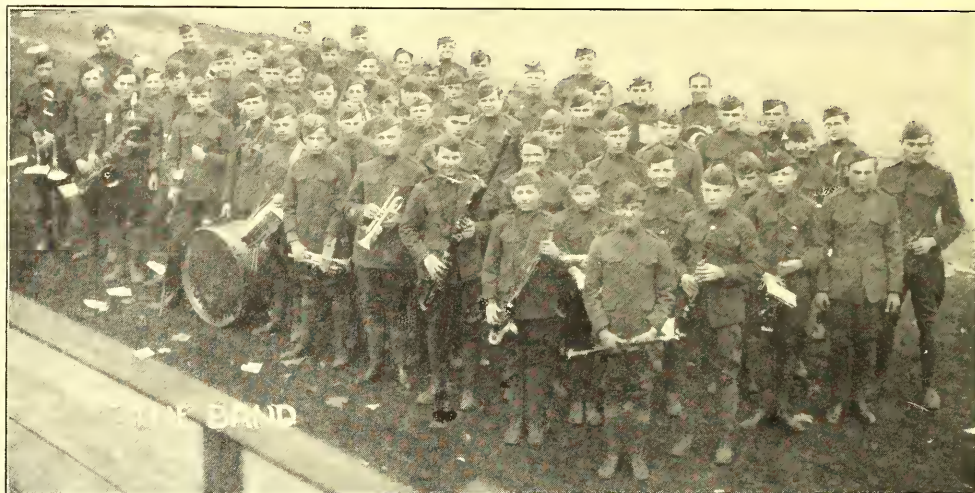
The January seniors, the Salesmanship classes, and the sixth hour Public Speaking class combined to carry on a courtesy campaign at Tech. By means of speeches, posters, articles published in the CANNON, and the co-operation of the entire student body, courtesy in the classroom, on the campus, and on the street cars was emphasized.

Operatic Twinkles

The Opera Club has been more active than usual this season. They spent the main part of the semester rehearsing the opera, "The Pirates of Penzance" and because of their enthusiasm and ambition they were able to put over two performances: one December twenty-second under the auspices of Tech Alumni, and the other on January sixteenth for the student body.

Lunch Work

The work in the lunch room is a *paid* task—not a credit one. The pay is twenty cents a period. Programs are arranged as well as possible to allow one to work, the number of periods depending upon one's program and desires. Each pupil is supposed to take off fifteen minutes for his lunch which is *not* furnished. Any one interested should apply to Miss Hooker at the end or the beginning of a semester.



R. O. T. C. Activities

Military training, this semester, followed along the same lines as last year. The cadets were given the same training in their various classes. Sophomores, juniors, and seniors were placed in separate periods and each received instruction suitable to his previous experience. The senior military boys, under the direction of Miss Thuemler, assisted in various projects, such as discouraging misconduct on street cars, and keeping traffic moving in the hallways.

The student officers who were appointed by Capt. Edwards were as follows:

Major: Edward B. Allred

Captain and Adjutant: Frederick B. Sanders

Captain and Supply Officer: Harry G. Bolton

Captain of Band: Frank Wilson

Company "A"

Captain: Glenn E. Finley

First Lieutenant: Ardis M. Graybill

Second Lieutenant: Charles L. Chevrolet

Company "B"

Captain: Chester H. Demmayr

First Lieutenant: Virgil L. Peters

Second Lieutenants: Robert E. Burt
Earl C. Ostermeier

Company "C"

Captain: Adrian R. Pierce

First Lieutenant: Mark Mercer

Second Lieutenant: Glenn R. Kelley

Company "D"

Captain: Lyle C. Clift

First Lieutenant: Russell E. Young

Second Lieutenant: Stanton Green

Company "E"

Captain: Harold W. Russell

First Lieutenant: Gerald O. Martz

Second Lieutenant: Malcolm Porter

Company "F"

Captain: Virgil H. Williams

First Lieutenant: Harold F. Hodgins

Second Lieutenant: Fred Wood

WILLIAM McDANIEL

Tech Honors, 1922

R. O. T. C.—Highest honor unit in twelve honor schools.

3rd place—Fifth Corps Area match.

2nd place—Hearst Trophy match.

2nd place—National Inter-collegiate team.

ATHLETICS

Sectional track meet—champions '22.

State track meet—champions '22.

Baseball, city title, '22.

Kathryn Pangle—secretary-treasurer Indiana High School Press Association.

James Dinwiddie—second prize in theme contest conducted by State Board of Osteopathy.

Samuel Brewer—third prize offered by Boys' and Girls' Pig Club.



Bars and Notes

The orchestra needs no advertisement. It speaks for itself whenever called on to do so. This semester it has played at different times and has won the favor of all those who have heard it. The orchestra distinguished itself at the senior play, the two performances of the opera, and on class day.

The officers for this semester have been: Wayne Van Sickle, president; Ruth Otte, vice-president; Helen Koehne, secretary-treasurer; Roy Crowder, sergeant-at-arms; Kurt Marhdt, librarian; Jerald Dunlap, publicity manager; Glenna Miller, entertainment. Mr. Percival had charge of the orchestra during this semester.

And They Come Bearing Gifts

Under the regular staff line-up in the CANNON one often finds the words, Associate Members—News English Class. These five words stand for five things. Many of the best news articles are handed in by the members of this class. They are fine loyal workers, and the CANNON staff surely appreciates their untiring efforts to help their paper.

The members of the News English class who have been so helpful in providing amusement for the CANNON readers are:

Florence Davis	Harold Shipley
George Fields	Naomi Adams
Paul Sylvester	Alice Phillips
Leroy Burney	Lucille O'Connor
Geraldine Watt	



Regarding the CANNON Staff

The CANNON, this year, has gone through everything with a boom. In fact, it has never had such a successful year. Maybe this has been due to the fact that it had a new office or, perhaps because it had twenty-three efficient members working steadily to turn out good issues. For carrying on its work, this year, the staff adopted many new methods, which have proven very successful. Many helpful suggestions were obtained for the betterment of the CANNON from the convention which was held at Franklin for high school editors and business managers. But the staff had good times together in spite of work, for as you know, they knew, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Polley's commercial art class who are the originators of all of the attractive and clever drawings which have appeared in the issues of the CANNON.



Bouquets

It is always interesting to know just what other schools think of our paper. During the semester different comments have been found in the exchange columns of other school papers. We have collected them and present them now to you.

The Skyrocket, Lowell, Indiana, says: Your interesting paper contains a very good joke department.

The Survey, Marion, Indiana: Your cover is excellent and your editorials are fine.

The St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle, Philadelphia: Your paper roars with wit and humor.

The Record, Louisville Girls' High School: Your paper is unique in style and contents. How do you get along without advertisements?

Just such an "O" arises from

Oskaloosa, Iowa: The ARSENAL CANNON, always an interesting paper, has an especially attractive feature this last edition in the news story so printed as to represent a grinning pumpkin face.

The Arrow, from Lakewood, Ohio, tells us that they like the general make-up of our paper; while *The Blue and Red*, from Martinsville, comments in this way: We notice that your paper shows originality all the way through.

And here are some more comments about us:

The Pilot, New Bethel High School, Wana-maker, Indiana: We are glad to have your paper again this year. You have a very interesting paper.

The Spectator, Louisville Male High, Louisville, Ky.: A splendid paper; "Little Benny's Note-Book" is especially good. Why say "campus;" are you a college?

The Princeton Tiger, Princeton H. S., Princeton, Ill: The art in the ARSENAL CANNON, Indianapolis, is splendid.

Star of the North, Virginia, Minn.: You have a very interesting paper. Your column "Humor Waves" is exceedingly clever.

The Red and Blue, Martinsville H. S., Martinsville, Ind.: We certainly do enjoy your paper, especially your helpful little poems. We think more people should observe the one in your last issue—"Don't."

The Key, Angola, Indiana: Your manner of placing the ideals and desired spirit of your school before your students is very unique.

The Index, Model Hi School, University of

Kentucky: What a fine paper! Joy certainly seems to reign supreme on its pleasant pages, yet it is most cleverly mixed with sensible matter.

The Bulletin, Wells H. S., Steubenville, Ohio: Your front page of your Thanksgiving number certainly is clever.

On the Road to Tech

Tech is surely a cosmopolitan school. It is drawing students who have lived on all parts of the globe. This semester foreign countries have been represented by Ena Hibbert from England; Allan Frew, Scotland; Eleanor and Josephine Hyde, India; Leone Dubief, France; Clarence Huffman, Panama; Frances Carpenter, Porto Rico. There may be some others, but their names have not found their way to the staff office.

Tech Spirit

We have always been informed that we should have the Tech spirit, and most of us do. But is there anyone who can define it? I know that it is something every student must possess to be a real, for sure Technonian. There is probably no one in school, or even on the faculty, that can definitely describe it. It is just a silent, unwritten group of laws that goes toward making the actions of a student all that can be asked of him. If the student lives up to the laws, he then has the spirit of Tech.

MARYBELLE BAKER

The Reputation of Tech

We have been told many times this semester since the courtesy campaign has been launched, that we should at all times act well, or in a manner that will uphold the good reputation that our school already has. Reputation! An admirable asset! But need we not go deeper? Of course, a reputation will get one far, but true manliness and womanliness on the inside will get one much farther.

We should wish to be good not only because we want people to have a good opinion of us, but also for the reason that we are desirous of being kind and thoughtful for the way that it will help our hearts, and the hearts of our classmates.

DOROTHY MYERS

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.



Literature

I Battle with Bob and the Burglar

I was boiling hot inside—angry enough to spit fire, or froth at the mouth. Everything had gone wrong that evening. Mother had been called out to Aunt Ruth's to take care of one of the children who had a sore toe or the mumps or something. Aunt Ruth was never any good when there was any sort of sickness around. Dad had taken some stock into town that morning and wouldn't be home before the next evening. Tommy, of course, was up in Chicago, going to college, and May was attending a slumber party down at Sterling's. Bob had failed to show up or give any account of himself—the horrid thing! To be sure, he couldn't have known that I would be left all alone in that big farnhouse without even a dog for company or protection. There was no neighbor nearer than Telson's, two miles down the pike. It seemed that everything had worked out just to make things as hard for me as possible. I was dreadfully cross about it.

I got out some books and magazines and tried to amuse myself reading. The first story I tackled proved to be too mushy; the second was too dry and conservative; in the third the heroine always had her own way. But in the fourth the lady love, like me, got the worst of it, and I became so sympathetic with her (and myself) that I just had to stop reading.

I tried working on a Christmas gift which I was making for Aunt Ruth, but with every stitch I thought of mother's going 'way out there and leaving me all alone, just because her flighty young sister-in-law didn't know how to take care of her own offspring.

I couldn't see why Bob didn't come home, either. What right had he to stay out all day and half the night without so much as a by-your-leave to his family? He didn't need to think he was such a privileged character, just because he was two years older than I; he wasn't of age yet, at that.

Maybe he'd come in later on and bring in some of his friends. He often did when father was in town. Yes, he'd probably do that—and maybe I'd better fix up a little. I'd just need to powder my nose a bit, you know. And I proceeded to fuss about for half an hour, touching up my hair, powdering my nose to just the right degree of whiteness, and pinning on a flower at precisely the proper angle.

Eleven o'clock came and no Bob. I began to get nervous, bored, and desperate. I finally picked up the evening paper as a last resort, for amusement. The first headline to catch my eye read: "Five Killed in Auto Crash! Young Men's Joy Ride Ends in Tragedy!"

I shuddered. What if Bob had gone out with a crowd of boys and gotten in an accident like that! I half expected to hear the telephone ring at that moment and I was fully prepared for the worst of news.

I got up and walked to the window. It was pitch black outside. Not a star shone out. The light from the living room glowed faintly out into the darkness and illumined the ghostly form of a bare gaunt beech tree. I strained my ears for the sound of a motor, or an approaching horse and buggy, or Bob's familiar footsteps. Everything was intensely still.

I shuddered again and turned back to my paper. A second headline stared up at me. "Robbers Kill Girl and Escape With Jewels!" Ugh! The brutes! But ten to one the story wasn't even true. Those newspaper folk probably had just made it up to fill up space. Anyhow, things like that don't happen every day. But, nevertheless, I turned on another light and made sure that the doors were locked. Why in the world didn't Bob show up?

The hall clock slowly struck twelve. The strain on my nerves was beginning to tell. I tried to fool myself into believing that I was quite at ease; that it was only because I had

gotten up late that morning and really was not sleepy, that I did not go to bed. I wouldn't have gone up those stairs now for a fortune—besides, if I had, I should have had to leave the door unlocked for Bob, and that was simply out of the question.

The telephone jingled sharply. I jumped as though shot. A thousand fancies whirled through my mind as I rose to answer the phone. Maybe mother had called to say that one of the babies had the smallpox and she would be quarantined with them; or rather had been bitten by one of the dogs and was suffering with hydrophobia; or Tommy was suspended from college and was being sent home; or Bob had been out autoing and had—I reached for the receiver and quavered an anxious "Hello."

A high-pitched impatient voice hurled an indignant, "Hello, there," at me from the other end of the line. "Is this Ingle's place, 479, ring 2?" I nearly choked with relief. "No," I gasped, "you have the wrong number."

I laughed hysterically. Of course it was the wrong number. I might have known it would be. It was silly to have looked for bad news. What in the world was the matter with me this evening, anyway? I was just tired, that was all. The excitement of getting mother off to Aunt Ruth's had upset me.

Shh! What was that? I held my breath as I heard the unmistakable sound of a footstep on the back porch. Could it be Bob? But no, it surely was not he, for he wouldn't be stealing in the back way at 12:56 in the morning. The steps halted. I heard some one try the back door. I had locked it. I remembered, early in the evening. There was a fumbling around, then silence. I could almost feel my hair standing on end. What could I do? There wasn't a gun in the house and I couldn't have used one if I had had it. Oh! If only that brother of mine would come now!

I heard another sound now, as if a key was being slipped into the lock. A rasping sound followed. My eyes dropped to the paper—"Robbers kill girl and escape with jewels!" The girl in the paper had struggled with the men—had tried to save her valuables. I had no jewels except the ring and necklace I wore. Perhaps, if I gave them up at once, I would save myself. Oh, dear, if only Bob—I heard the door softly open. I wanted to scream, or hide, or something—anything but stand there like a frozen dummy. But I was as if glued to the spot. My throat felt dry and parched. My eyes must have bulged out like a frog's.

My heart thumped like a jazz band. There was a step, then the door closed, and I heard the key once more. Queer he should lock the door! Probably planned to escape through a window and then cover up his tracks.

He was coming towards me! He would soon be in the dining room; and the living room came next! I opened my mouth wide, but I couldn't make a sound. Couldn't he see my light? Didn't he know that there must be some one in this room? Or didn't he care? Maybe he was desperate and ready to do anything for gold. Well, he should have everything I had. I would never dispute with him.

The steps came closer. There was a loud noise and a muffled word as the intruder collided with a chair! I jumped wildly, found my voice, and with a scream, ran to the dining room door and flashed on the light. I fully expected to be shot in the heart.

There, in the middle of the floor, with a most comical expression on his face, sprawled my brother. "Bob!" I gasped. Everything turned black, and I suddenly felt myself whirling rapidly through miles and miles of space. Then through the space came a voice, indistinct at first.

"Why, sis, what in the world is the matter? Did I scare you? Gee! I came home from Bud Norton's through the fields, and decided to sneak in the back way so's not to wake you and mom. Gosh, I never thought you'd faint on my hands! Pretty tumble I took over that chair, wasn't it? Huh! Just my luck, though!"

FRANCES MILLER

Old Man Thunder

Old Man Thunder lives up-stairs
Up where the angels say their prayers
Way up in an upper flat.

Old Lady Lightning lives close by
And papers her room with a piece of sky.
And she keeps a spiteful cat.

Old Man Thunder takes his gun
And he hunts the angels just for fun,
And he takes his gun along.
Old Lady Lightning sulks all day
When Old Man Thunder behaves that way.
For she thinks such conduct wrong.

Old Lady Lightning's cat has fits
And tears a streak in the sky and spits
When the weather's hot and warm.
"Bang!" goes the gun at the angel fowls
And the Thunder Man's dog just growls and growls.
And then there's a lovely storm. *Exchange*



That Pigskin

How dear to this heart are the scenes of those battles,

The thrills that we felt when our team was ahead!

From that cloud of dust emerged thuds, bangs, and rattles,

And each time we thought at least one man was dead!

The quarters, the half-backs, the ends, and the centers;

Each one knew just when and just what he should do.

One man grabbed the ball and from mid-field he sent her.

And oh, how we cheered when it sailed into view!

That shiny, brown pigskin, that wonderful pigskin,

That pigskin we love with a love fond and true.

Bed Time's Nearly Come

We plan so much to do each day
That 'fore we turn 'round we're ready to say,
"Why, bed time's nearly come."

It's just that way with you and me;
We look at the clock and there we see
That bed time's nearly come.

For our lessons we have to limit the time;
Why, it really seems a terrible crime
That bed time's nearly come.

Are there twelve hours of pure daylight?
It seems to me it's always night
'Cause bed time's nearly come.

GERALDINE WATT

Found! One Good Tardy Excuse!

Wouldn't it be nice to have schools where one didn't have to get any lessons, and where one could choose the studies one preferred? I was indulging in some foolish thoughts, when suddenly a business-like voice broke in on my reverie.

"Say," yelled the clothes-pin editor, "'spose you make yourself useful as well as ornamental, and dig up some news—for once. If there was a prize offered for people who don't earn the salt what goes into their biscuits, you'd get it!" Brrr!! Look at that grammar.

I pulled up my collar, put on my last year's fall chapeau, and made a hurried exit.

Out on the campus I hurried officeward to see what was happening over there, and as I was not looking, a dejected-looking individual bumped into me.

"Beg your pardon," I gasped, and looked up to see my old friend Bill. The recognition was mutual. "Hello, how's your feelin's?" sayeth my old friend. "All right, where are you bound for?"

"Oh, the old car was 'bout a half hour late and when it finally hove into sight, it was a 'dinky.' The old thing was packed full, and when we had gone about nine blocks—crash, bang, and some more crash; the thing skidded off the track and made a dive for the sidewalk where it finally landed.

"The crew got a good shaking up, and when the tug stopped rocking, we all climbed off and boarded another car. When finally I arrived it was eight-thirty, but for once in my life I've got a good excuse for a tardy slip."

"Ha! ha!" I cried.

He continued toward the lunch room, and I decided that if his story wasn't thrilling enough for that clothes-pin editor, the Hon. Ed. could dig up some news himself.

FLORENCE DAVIS

It's the Way It Goes

The first snow on Sunday,
Students' delight on Monday,
Dirty on Tuesday,
Dwindling on Wednesday,
Melting on Thursday,
Almost gone on Friday,
Water on Saturday,
And this is the end of the snow
on Sunday.

ALICE PHILLIPS

Indian Summer Camper's Musings

As I wandered through Tech's woodland path, a faint shadow floated between the sun and me, and something dropped at my feet. What was my surprise to find that it was an Indian chief, old and wrinkled, but an Indian chief just the same. I looked about me and found that on every tree were innumerable redskins adorned in paints as bold and bright as themselves. The still air seemed mysteriously filled with smoke. A crow flapped its wings and cawed angrily. Then a sudden breath of air caused a score of young bucks to begin a dance, but they subsided as quickly as they had begun as if to save their energy for—what?

Then I remembered that it was the moon of falling leaves, and the redskins had come back to visit their old home. The crow, Kahahgee, was tied to the top of a tepee to ward off the black marauders. The air was filled with smoke from their fires. I knew that if I should come again at night time, the air would be even more hazy than now, and the moon would be blotted out by descending bands of warriors returning to their old haunts. Over beyond the trees great villages of tepees would spring up in the cornfield, and no energy would be saved for all the village would join in the merriment. But now I seemed to feel a change in my surroundings. I could see only the top of a tree with its burden of giant redskins, and even that I saw only through a window. A nearby voice said, "Alice, are you dreaming?" From somewhere in back of me came another voice, "Puella e silva ambulat."

Alice Bell— Eng. IIIg

Perseverance

If you try and flatly fail,
Try again.
If first you meet a gale
Try again.
For soon the winds will turn your way,
If you persevere.
Reach the goal for which you strive,
Try again.
If by storm you're hurled about
Try again.
If you've foes within and out,
Try again.
For soon you may succeed,
And will finally indeed
Gain the trophy of your dreams,
Try again!

HARRY A. STOUT

To the Seniors

With apologies to Eugene Field

Some of the same old buildings remain,
But sturdy and staunch they stand;
The little red office has moved to the Main
And it's beautiful and grand.
Time was when the seniors were freshies, too,
And things were rosy and fair;
That was the time when the school was new,
Their rooms they knew not where.

"Where is the elevator?" they said,
And, "Where is room forty-four?"
Why, they were just from their trundle-bed
But they kept things in a roar.
Time passed along as sweet as a song,
They learned to obey Tech's rule.
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
Now they hate to leave this school.

Oh, faithful by dear old Tech they stand,
Each one praising her high.
They'll soon have their diplomas in hand,
Then they'll be passing by.
But they've wondered as waiting these four
years through
In this their favorite school,
What if they'd find 'twas a dream not true;
And they still must obey its rule.

GERALDINE WATT

Thoughts of a Typewriter

"Ho! Hum! Another period over, seven minutes' rest. Here comes that wild-eyed girl—wants to be a stenog. As a typist she would make a good dish-washer, but I've got to stand for it, my union won't let me get sarcastic.

"This same girl gets me every day; I'd like a change. All she has tried to write for the last week is 'very' but I fool her and put the 't' where the 'r' ought to be. The teacher bawled her out something fierce Monday; said she ought to be ashamed to be so slow. I just had to laugh out; got scared they would hear me so I crammed a whole mess of keys in my mouth. That made the teacher still worse; told the girl in a very superior tone that Mr. Remington meant for people to hit only one key at a time.

"On with the tragedy! The poor kid is trying to write 'jug' but I keep slipping in a 'y' instead of a 'u.' Well, guess I'll let her get a good copy today if she only quits slamming me so hard. I've almost got a headache now. Ah! There goes the bell. No one in here this period, so guess I will sleep awhile."

GEORGE FIELDS

To a Tardy Boy

A Tardy Boy (may his tribe decrease!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of
 peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 Miss Ewing writing in a book of gold—
 Exceeding peace made the Tardy Boy bold,
 And to the presence in the room, he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised her
 head,
 Answered, "The names of those who come
 in late."
 "And is mine one?" asked the Boy. "Aye,
 it is."
 Replied Miss Ewing. The Tardy Boy spoke
 more low,
 But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee,
 then,
 Write me as one who gives better excuses
 than his fellowmen."
 Miss Ewing wrote and vanished. The next
 night
 She came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names of those who lied the
 best,
 And lo! The Tardy Boy's led all the rest.

ALVIN SCHELLSCHMIDT

The Baker Mouse's Cake

A mouse came out to eat one night,
 Some crumbs he chanced to spy.
 He said, "I'll make some cake of this
 Or else I'll make some pie."
 Straightway into his kitchen he went
 And baked within his stove;
 A tiny little cake he made
 And flavored it with clove.
 He set it in his cupboard to cool
 And a pillow did he seek.
 The cake a mischievous field mouse spied,
 And chuckled with a squeak.
 "I'll take this fresh made cake of cloves
 And bear it to my home
 When my good neighbor Baker mouse
 Does sleep and leave me alone."
 And when the Baker mouse awoke,
 It gave him no small pain.
 So to this day the Baker mouse
 Looks for his cake in vain.

MERTON KENNEDY, Eng. Hg

Tech Caramels—Cavities

I sauntered forth to my next class at peace
 with the world. I had eaten. Just as I rounded
 the corner, I encountered a lofty being with a
 large sack of caramels. The being was lofty,
 not merely in stature, but also in mind, since
 the being had acquired the distinguished "'no-
 men" of Senior. With a grand air the senior
 person thrust forward the bag of caramels and
 said, "Have one?" I took no time to answer,
 but partook of the offer as humbly as befitted
 a junior, and murmured a truthful, "Thanks,"
 as I hurried on. On the way, a bell announced
 my arrival before I arrived, consequently I
 detoured. On my detour (by way of office) I
 vainly chewed and chewed and chewed. After
 the chewing I began to have queer sensations in
 my dental regions and by afternoon I was on
 my way to the tooth-puller. The tooth-puller pro-
 duced a small-sized mirror which he put inside
 my mouth. From then on he began a series of
 jerks, pulls, and hammerings until I fell back
 as weak as a rag doll.

"Well," he said grimly, and then he gave a
 final jerk, "what have you been eating?"

"Cah-mels," said I, not moving my tongue.
 He must have expected it for he understood and
 said, "I thought so." I waited for the worst and
 got it.

"Seventeen cavities," quoth the tooth-jerker.
 "Come back tomorrow."

I gasped and swallowed! And all from a
 caramel! My moral is "Oh, friends, if you eat
 a caramel, do not chew it."

MARGARET MACY

As You and I

A man there was and he had his faults
 Even as you and I.
 He bought for himself a used Ford,
 And poorly he used his eye,
 For the old thing rattled, and bumped, and
 squeaked,
 And he thought it would fall apart.

But it kept on running a year and a day
 'Till finally he learned the art
 Of oiling, and greasing, and treating it rough,
 And it ran like a regular car,
 But the thing was so old and rheumatic.
 That one day it fell apart.

ELIZABETH HOLMES

If it is not right, do not do it.
 If it is not true, do not say it.



Military Review



The Latin Play



Before the Gale



Miss Shover



"I see you"



Vocational Leaders



"Guests"



Nature Study Hike



Two By Two!



Box Victims



Three Deep



"Hands Up"



Believe Me Nantippe



"Law and Order"

TECH SPORTS 1922



Athletic Awards--1922

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

"T. H. S." Monograms

Edith Ambuhl	Catherine Dodson
Nellie Bloemhof	Margaret Graham
Bernice Cain	Maxine Tilford

"A. T. S." Buttons

Josephine Buenting	Helen Dobson
Miriam Garrison	

BOYS' BASKET BALL—STATE TEAM

Block T

Morris Greenberg	Paxton Unger
Robert Nipper	Robert Woolgar

"T. H. S."

Jesse Adkins	Charles Murphy
Carlos Jefry	Merle Scott
Walter Jolley	Lewis Wilson

STATE TEAM SQUAD

"A. T. S." Buttons

Homer Carter	Monta Jessup
Russell Clift	Robert Schettters
Wm. Fletcher	Lane Shultze
Frank Gordon	Fred Smith

Paul Vandivier

FRESHMAN SQUAD

"A. T. S." Buttons

Thompson Abbott	August Hook
Dana Chandler	Edward Iuppenlotz
David Clarke	Wm. Lewis
Robert Daily	Edward McColip
Earl Elliot	Edward McClain
Rheinhardt Eppen	Thomas Potter
Clifford Frazier	Ernest Rhea
George Crow	Kenneth Roberts
Harry Hagaman	Frank Sargeant
Gordon Haggard	Edward Tonniss
Donald Hawkins	Albert Wehrel

Warner Wilson

TRACK SQUAD

"T. H. S."

Darrell Davies	George Mulholland
Henry Johnson	Fremont Snyder

TRACK TEAM—STATE CHAMPIONS

"T"

Gail Blakesley	Archie Langlais
Glenn Gray	Wm. Lewis
Brewer Graham	Thoburn Maxwell
Jack Velsey	

"A. T. S."

Robert Abraham	Russell Gude
Orville Amick	Robert Holler
Wm. Banks	Fielding Hills
Clarence Baldwin	Raymond Kirk
Ellis Bassett	Edward McCalip
Robert Burt	Truman Neff
James Croghan	Thomas Potter
Murlie Davis	Elmore Rice
Chester Demmary	Kenneth Roberts
George Denny	Edward Smith
Leslie Denny	Paxton Unger
Charles Everson	Arthur Vincel
Edward Fulk	Forrest Wiggins
Henry Wilson	

BASEBALL—STATE SQUAD

"T"

Jesse Adkins	Chester Jordan
Carlyle Ewing	Dick Mills
Frank Gordon	Robert Schettters

"T. H. S."

Merle Calvert	Maurice Rush
Raymond Carr	Lane Schultze
Walter Jolley	Paul Van Arsdale

"A. T. S."

Dick Behrman	Russell Clift
Homer Carter	Louis Fults

FRESHMAN SQUAD

"A. T. S." Buttons

Wm. Barrett	Glenn McCarrell
Donald Bell	Alonzo McClellan
Robert Clawson	Paul Moore
Melville Cronkrite	Kermit Mull
Arthur Gabbert	Harold Ransopher
Paul Harrell	Benjamin Smith
Ray Kirk	Garvin Wampler
Albert Wehrel	

Baseball Schedule---1922

Date	Played With	Where Played	A.T.S.	Opponents
April 26	Broad Ripple	Brookside	12	0
May 1	Broad Ripple	Broad Ripple	28	2
May 3	Southport	Southport	8	1
May 5	Fortville	Brookside	24	4
May 10	Mooreville	Brookside	14	1
May 12	Franklin	Franklin	18	1
May 17	Mooreville	Mooreville	14	4
May 19	Shelbyville	Shelbyville	7	0
May 22	Fortville	Fortville	11	2
May 25	Tipton	Tipton	3	2
May 31	Manual	Riverside	7	0
June 7	Manual	Riverside	15	4
			161	21

Tech's '22 Track Team

Tech's '22 track team was the best that has been turned out in a number of years. Saturday, May 14, 1922, at the Fair Grounds, the Green and White thinly clad romped away with the sectional track meet by a large margin. In this meet Tech accumulated 41 points and Sheridan, our closest competitor, amassed only 23 points. Then, on the next Saturday, at Richmond, our track team gained the Hoosier high school track title by winning the state meet, which was the crowning event of a very successful year. Our boys won this meet by a margin of 3 points over Wabash High, who totaled 15 points to our 18. These points came as the result of the following men's work: Glenn Gray, winning first place in both the 100 and 220 yard dashes; Blakesley, taking second in the 440 yard dash; Graham, capturing second in the pole vault; Maxwell, taking third in the mile run; Bill Lewis, coping third place in the half-mile.

This was the first time in many years that Tech has been victorious in both sectional and state meets.

Our winning team was composed of the following men: Gray, Gude, and Smith, dashes; Unger, Blakesley, and Langlais, quarter; Lewis and Davies, half-mile; Maxwell and Snyder, mile; Velsey, Vincel, and Johnson, hurdles; Smith and Denny, high jump; Langlais and Gude, broad jump; Mulholland and Siler, shot put; Johnson and Graham, pole vault; Lewis, Langlais, Gray, and Velsey, relay men.

Coach Beryl Black had charge of our winning team; but some credit is also due Coaches Chenoweth and Lampert, who were Coach Black's faithful assistants.

Baseball in 1922

Another perfect year in baseball was added to Tech's laurels when Coach Kingsolver, the same one who coached the 1922 football team so well, piloted the team through a stiff schedule without a single loss. Tech piled up one hundred and sixty-one points to their opponents' twenty-one in twelve games. Tipton gave our team the hardest fight of the season when they held our men to a 3 to 2 score.

This makes three years straight without a defeat for Tech. Our team holds the undisputed city title, and while no official state title is possible, Tech certainly has one of the best claims to that honor.

While everyone on the team played well, the pitching of Carlyle Ewing was almost phenomenal. Few were the runs and even the hits garnered off of him. More than once during the season he held the opposing team hitless the entire game.

This year's team will have a difficult precedent to live up to, but so have the last two years' teams.

The men left on the team before the final cutting were:

Mills, Clift, Jordan, Schettters, Gordon, Adkins, Carr, Schultze, Rush, German, Cain, Jolley, Behrman, Calvert, Ewing, Van Arsdale, Fufts.

The results of the other track meets of last year were:

Tech 47	Anderson 52
Tech 59	Shortridge 22 Martinsville 18
Tech 67	Richmond 32



Football Summary of 1922

Although Tech lost the silver trophy and the title of city champs by losing to Manual on the day before Thanksgiving, the Green and White completed a successful season under the coaching of "Willie" Kingsolver, of Franklin. The East-siders scored more than double the number of points marked up by their opponents, and the Red and White eleven was the only team to shut Tech out during the entire season. The Green and White team suffered only three defeats in eight games played—Manual handing it the worst one by a 12-0 score.

Tech lost a heart-breaker to the Elwood team at the opening of the season on the Green and White grid, when, after leading the entire game, its defense momentarily weakened and the up-staters completed a forty-yard forward pass in the final minute of play to nose the home squad out by a 12-10 count. Harvey was the star of the game, scoring all the Tech points and going around the ends for long gains every time he was given the ball.

The Green and White came back strong, however, in the next game, and downed Logansport with nothing but straight football. The game ended 14-0. Tech played circles around its opponents and were never in danger of being scored upon. Baldwin and "Hank" Gordon were injured in this scrap, and neither was in condition to play the remainder of the season. "Baldy" was the most prominent ground gainer and it was due largely to the line smashing and defensive work of this back that Tech shut out the up-staters.

Bloomfield came to the East-side field for the second home game on Friday, the thirteenth of October, and the date almost proved the undoing of Tech as the team was badly off form, and only a long pass gave the Green and White a 6-0 victory.

Revenge certainly is sweet. The locals traveled to Sheridan and walloped the Black and White with a count of 17-6. Sheridan nosed Tech out of the state championship in 1920 by a 13-7 score, and walked all over the East-siders the following year for their second consecutive victory, but the third time proved to be the charm and the Green and White trampled the up-staters before a crowd of at least 500 followers who made the trip with the team. Moore's punting kept Sheridan away from Tech's goal with the exception of the first five minutes of play when the Black and White marched straight down the field for the first touchdown. Johnson tore the much touted Sheridan line to pieces for long gains, and Garrison skirted the ends consistently. Maxwell's interference was a great aid to the backfield.

Louisville High handed Tech the first defeat of the season away from home by a 13-7 score. The Colonels outweighed the Green and White by almost 25 pounds per man. Although Baldwin was not in the best of condition he played the greater part of the game and was the star of the Tech backfield. This is the second consecutive victory the Kentuckians have won over Tech, but the third time seems to be a charm, and all the East-siders are looking forward to

another big chance at the Colonels next season.

Kirklin, state champs for 1921, was the next Tech victim, going down before the Green and White eleven by a count of 12-0. The Gold and Black was the first team to face Tech when football was reinstated in the Indianapolis high schools during the season of 1920, and the Tech team won by a large score. Johnson, who tore through the Kirklin line for long gains, and Lewis, who had been shifted to his old position at quarter, were the stars of the game, and proved to be the most outstanding pair in the duplication of the 1920 game.

And now for the city series with Manual and Shortridge! Tech lined up against Shortridge, November 17, on Irwin field, and romped through and around the Blue and White line at will. Johnson could not be stopped, and he tore through for gains of eight and ten yards every time he was given the ball. Clift played a fine defensive game at end, and the whole Tech backfield starred in the scrap. The final score gave the Green and White a shutout victory of 21-0 over the North-siders, and Shortridge marched home to the tune of the North-side Blues. Manual had triumphed over the Blue and White two weeks before Tech duplicated the performance, and the Red and Green were scheduled to meet on the twenty-ninth of November to decide the city championship and fight over the silver trophy awarded by the school board to the first school to win this title five times.

On the afternoon before turkey day, the Manual and Tech squads lined up on Irwin field before a crowd of 6,000 rooters; 4,000 of them from the East side. The seniors had undertaken the task of supplying the Tech backers with plenty of colors, and green pennants with huge, white, block T's covered the East-siders' bleachers. The Tech eleven came on the field minus their coach, but the entire squad was resolved to win the game and keep that cup. The Green and White outplayed the South-siders almost the entire first half, but a fumbled punt near the middle of the game took all the fight out of the team when Manual converted it into a touchdown. A varied passing attack and long end runs by "Zip" Courim gave the Red and

White another marker, and Tech left the field with the short end of a 12-0 score—the only shutout handed the Green and White all season. Jolley and Clift played the best defensive game for the East-siders, but Courim did more to upset Tech than any opposing player during the entire season. Manual gets the cup for a season, but Tech gets another chance at it next year, and oh, boy, just watch them.

The following is the result of Tech's eight game schedule. We expected to win the Manual game and keep the cup and title, but the best team won.

Tech.....10	Elwood12
Tech.....14	Logansport 0
Tech..... 6	Bloomfield 0
Tech.....17	Sheridan 6
Tech..... 7	Louisville13
Tech.....12	Kirklin 0
Tech.....21	Shortridge 0
Tech..... 0	Manual12
Tech.....37	Opponents43

Tech shut out four teams, and in turn was shut out but once.

Tech won five games, and lost but three.

ALBERT BLOEMKER

Alas

There was a young man so conceited,
He never was civilly treated.

He bragged far and wide
That whatever he tried
He was sure to remain undefeated.

When football became the sensation
He tried it without hesitation.

His pep it would seem,
Got him on the team.
And now, sad becomes my narration.

They found him early one morning;
His left foot, a tree was adorning,

His helmet they found
Way down in the ground—
And now the whole family's in mourning.



LOCAL TEAMS SHOW STRONG OFFENSIVES

Green and White Checks Upstaters' Winning Streak—
South Siders Pile Up Heavy Count.

TECH STOPS BUCKLE

The Green and White checks upstaters' winning streak by stopping the Buckle team in a 17-6 victory. The Buckle team, which had won its last three games, was held to a field goal and a punt in the first half. In the second half, the Green and White drove for a touchdown and a field goal.

TECH BALKS SHERIDAN'S RIDE TO STATE TITLE; SHORTRIDGE WINS

East Siders Come From Behind for Victory, 17-6—Blue and White Finishes Strong, Defeating Brazil, 20-6.

The Green and White checked upstaters' winning streak by stopping the Buckle team in a 17-6 victory. The Buckle team, which had won its last three games, was held to a field goal and a punt in the first half. In the second half, the Green and White drove for a touchdown and a field goal.

TECHMEN NOSE OUT BLOOMFIELD, 6 TO 0

The Green and White checked upstaters' winning streak by stopping the Buckle team in a 17-6 victory. The Buckle team, which had won its last three games, was held to a field goal and a punt in the first half. In the second half, the Green and White drove for a touchdown and a field goal.

TECH OVERPOWERS SHORTRIDGE, 21 TO 0

The Green and White checked upstaters' winning streak by stopping the Buckle team in a 17-6 victory. The Buckle team, which had won its last three games, was held to a field goal and a punt in the first half. In the second half, the Green and White drove for a touchdown and a field goal.

LOUISVILLE MALE DOWNS TECHNICAL BY SCORE OF 13-7

The Green and White checked upstaters' winning streak by stopping the Buckle team in a 17-6 victory. The Buckle team, which had won its last three games, was held to a field goal and a punt in the first half. In the second half, the Green and White drove for a touchdown and a field goal.

The Green and White checked upstaters' winning streak by stopping the Buckle team in a 17-6 victory. The Buckle team, which had won its last three games, was held to a field goal and a punt in the first half. In the second half, the Green and White drove for a touchdown and a field goal.

TECHNICAL HIGH LOSES IN LAST GAME OF YEAR

TECHNICAL	0	0	0	0	0
MANUAL	0	0	6	6	12

Manual and Tech grid squads struggled to force a crowd estimated at 3,000 at Iron Hill. The game was the final inter-school game of the season. The Green and White finished the season with a record of 1-4.

Youthful rooters gathered for the big event and the cheering was deafening. Both rival schools kept up a constant flow of lively music and there was no end of excitement.

ELWOOD WINS FROM TECH ELEVEN, 12-10

Long Pass in Closing Minutes
Snatches Victory From
Hands of Locals.

Holding a three-minute lead with but two minutes to go, and with defeat apparently out of the question, the Tech defense fattened themselves up and the Elwood football team slipped away with a 12-10 victory in the Iron Hill football game. The Elwood team, which had won its last three games, was held to a field goal and a punt in the first half. In the second half, the Elwood team drove for a touchdown and a field goal.

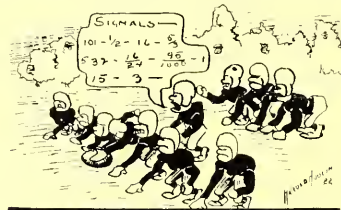
Football as She is Played

The prevailing conception of football is that an organized mob of eleven husky sluggers oppose a like aggregation of beef in a game originated in the days when steam rollers had fights. When a player is sprinting toward the goal and is grabbed around the neck by a two hundred pound savage and thrown to the ground with a sound like ribs hitting cement, the spectator will recognize football as the true manly sport.

A model player would be built of iron and have a faculty for knocking down stone walls. If his nose should be hit by some youthful steam engine and transplanted to the left side of his face, the damage could easily be mended by the skilful use of baseball bats as props.

When the human battering ram heads toward the opposing team's wall, he hits with a couple or three tons of force and it's usually a linesman's ribs that stop him. Funny, isn't it, that somebody's floating rib doesn't get sunk? It has been noticed during the football season that the local drug stores, following the law of supply and demand, have marked up the price of liniment.

O where, O where, has that pigskin gone,
With a thud, and a bounce, and a bound?
O bring back, O bring back that pigskin to me,
And I'll make a final touchdown.



OVERHEARD BETWEEN DOWNS

"Funny they should make so many errors," said a girl at the football game.

"What do you mean, errors?" asked her escort.

"Why, they do it wrong so many times, and the umpire sends them back to do it all over again."

DICK JACKSON

TENNYSON HAD NOTHING ON HIM

"They say Tennyson frequently worked a whole afternoon on a single line," said the literary enthusiast.

"That's nothing," said the poor clod seated beside him. "I know a man who has been working the last eight years on a single sentence."

TO THE POINT

"Look here, waiter, is this peach or apple pie?" asked the patron.

"Can't you tell from the taste, sir?" asked the waiter.

"No, I can't," answered the customer.

"Well, then," asked the waiter, "what difference does it make?"

PROVING MAW WRONG

Freddy, with a determined look on his small countenance, marched into the front room and up to the ardent suitor of his pretty sister.

"What's them?" he demanded, thrusting out a grimy hand full of small white objects.

"What are those?" said the young man with an ingratiating smile. "Those are beans."

"He does know 'em, maw," bawled Freddy triumphantly into the adjoining room. "You said he didn't."

STOKE UP

All things may come to those who wait;

But it's a surer way

To get up steam and pull your freight

And meet good things half-way.

WOULD TAKE THE CHANCE

Pat, whose regiment was in action, became quite overcome by fright and started on a run for the rear. An officer called on him to stop, shouting: "Stop, or I'll fire at you!"

Pat increased his speed. "Foire away!" he yelled. "Phwat's wan bullet to a bushel av em?"

SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY

Bessie had just received a bright new dime and was starting out to invest in an ice cream soda.

"Why don't you give your money to the missionaries?" asked the minister, who was calling at the house.

"I thought about that," said Bessie, "but I think I will buy the ice cream soda and let the druggist give the money to the missionaries."

THEY SOUND ALIKE, ANYWAY

"No man is so well known as he thinks he is," said Enrico Caruso, the world-famed tenor. "While motoring in New York State," continued the great singer, "the automobile broke down and I sought refuge in a farmhouse while the car was being repaired. I became friendly with the farmer, who asked me my name, and I told him it was Caruso.

"The farmer leaped to his feet and seized me by the hand. 'Little did I think I would see a man like you in this here humble kitchen, sir!' he exclaimed. 'Caruso! The great traveler, Robinson Caruso!'"

THE PATIENT'S ENTRY

Entering the patient's room early in the morning, the doctor picked up the chart and read:

2 A. M.—Patient very restless. Nurse sleeping quietly.

THE BOOTBLACK'S GENEROSITY

When Paderewski was on his last visit to America he was in a Boston suburb, when he was approached by a bootblack, who called:

"Shine?"

The great pianist looked down at the youth whose face was streaked with grime and said: "No, my lad, but if you will wash your face I will give you a quarter."

"All right!" exclaimed the youth, who forthwith ran to a neighboring trough and made his ablutions.

When he returned Paderewski held out the quarter, which the boy took but immediately handed back, saying:

"Here, Mister, you take it yourself and get your hair cut."

TRUTH IS MIGHTY—SOMETIMES

"Here," said Mrs. Exe, impatiently, "is another invitation from Mrs. Boreleigh, asking us to one of her bothersome dinners. I hate them!"

"Oh, tell her we have a previous engagement," said her husband.

"No," said Mrs. Exe virtuously. "That would be a lie. Edith, dear, write Mrs. Boreleigh that we accept with much pleasure."

WISDOM FROM THE WEST

Lena Star—It is best to throw the mantle of charity over the mistakes of your neighbors. You may need a circus tent to cover your own.

A WISE YOUNGSTER

Mother—Oh, Bobby, here you are again with your clothes in a perfect mess.

Bobby (in tears)—I—I was playing and Willie Meigs threw a stone and spattered me all over.

Mother—Well, what are you crying about? Is it painful to be covered with mud?

Bobby—No, but I thought if I came in laughing you would whip me.

HONEST FOR ONCE

"Can I get off to-day?" asked the office boy.
"Somebody dead in your family, I suppose," rejoined his sarcastic employer.

"No, sir, not dead, but dying."

"Dying, who?"

"I am, sir—dying to see a ball game."

INDICATES WISDOM

"What makes you think Brown's advice is good?"

"Because he never gives it until it is asked for."

AN OVERSIGHT

Diner—Where's my change?

Waiter—Dar ain't no change; dat's mah tip.

Diner—But I didn't tell you you could have it.

Waiter—Oh, dat's all right, boss. Ah's fo'getful mahself, sometimes.

VIGILANCE

These days when motors dash about,

One's wits must never stray;

Pedestrians have to look alive

If they'd remain that way.

A BIT MIXED

One day a new pupil in a music settlement school came home and asked:

"Mother, how many carrots are there in a bushel? Teacher wants to know."

"What?" answered the mother. "What has that to do with music?"

"I don't know," replied the child.

The next day the mother went to the music school to inquire what kind of music her child was being taught.

The teacher laughed, and said: "Well, that is hardly correct, madam. What we asked your child was how many beats there were in a measure."

Hiawatha

Hiawatha skinned a squirrel,
Just sat down and went and skinned it.
Went and skinned it to a finish.
From its skin he made some mittens;
Made them with the outside inside;
Made them with the inside outside;
Made them with the skin side outside;
Made them with the warm side inside;
Make them with the cold side outside;
Had he placed the fur side outside,
Had he placed the skin side inside,
Had he placed the outside inside,
And the inside outside,
Then the warm side would have been outside,
And the cold side inside.
So to get the fur side, warm side, inside,
Place the skin side, inside outside.
Now you know why Hiawatha
Placed the inside inside outside.
Warm side, inside.
And the inside, skinside, cold side, outside.
The Triangle

WORKS IT THREADBARE

"I never forget a story that I once hear," remarked Boreleigh.

"No," returned Wilkins, wearily. "and you don't give anyone else a chance to."

Western paper—She was the widow of Fillmore who was struck by a car a year ago and died eighteen months afterward.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL PURIST

Publisher—In your story, I notice you make the owl hoot "To whom" instead of "To whoo."

Author—Yes, this is a Boston owl.

REINCARNATED IMMORTALS

Headline—"Dante Lectures at Amherst."

And, as a bookstore window card announces,

"Dickens Works Here To-day for \$5."

WHERE HE WOULD FIND IT

"Now, doctor," said the convalescent patient, "all I need is something to stir me up—to put me in fighting trim. Did you put something like that in this prescription?"

"No-o," answered the physician with some hesitation, "but wait until you get the bill. You will find it there."

THE CAT THAT KNEW

Said one man: "There's a big tomcat that scratches my plants out and then sits and actually defies me."

"Why don't you throw a brick at him?" asked his neighbor.

"That's what makes me mad," was the reply. "I can't. He gets on top of my greenhouse."

COMPARATIVE

"Who was it invented the expression, 'second thoughts are best'?"

"Some ungrammatical lowbrow, evidently. Speaking correctly, second thoughts can only be better, you know."

TOOK IT LITERALLY

A little English girl was sent a-borrowing. "Please, Mrs. Jones, could you lend mother a bit of bacon?"

"No," snapped the neighbor. "You go back and tell your mother I have other fish to fry."

The child left, but returned in a few minutes, and said: "Please, Mrs. Jones, could you lend mother some of the fried fish?"

NOT NECESSARY TO ASK

"I hope you didn't ask for a second piece of pie when you were over at Johnny Smith's to dinner," said his mother.

"No, ma'am, I didn't," said Charles. "I just asked Mrs. Smith for the recipe so you could make some pie like it, and she gave me another piece without my asking for it at all."

GOOD TRAINING

"My cross-examination didn't seem to worry you much," said the famous lawyer to the witness after the trial. "Have you had any previous experience?"

"Just a little," replied the witness, sarcastically. "I have six children."

HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT

"Your shoestring's untied, ma'am," cried the little boy to the stout woman who was moving majestically up the street. "I'll tie it for you."

The stout lady smilingly thanked him and drew back her skirt in acceptance of his offer. The small boy drew the string tight and smiled back at her.

"You see," he exclaimed, "I know all about it. My mother's fat, too."

SO MUCH IN

Landlord—You didn't pay the rent for last month.

Tenant—No? Well, I suppose you'll hold me to our agreement.

Landlord—Agreement! What agreement?

Tenant—Why, when I rented you said I must pay in advance or not at all.

HOW REED CAUGHT HIS TRAIN

The late Speaker, Thomas B. Reed, reached a railroad station one day, just as the local pulled out. As he had an engagement in the city within a few hours he telegraphed to the express train, soon due, that a large party wished to take the train at A—. The express stopped and Mr. Reed boarded it, to be met by an angry conductor.

"Where is the large party mentioned in this telegram?" he exclaimed.

"Well," answered Mr. Reed, "if I am not a large party, I don't know who is."

FITTING THEM FOR SOCIETY

It is easy enough to teach our children not to lie; a harder task is to teach them not to tell embarrassing truths.

The Difference

Round and small
Very keen,
Likes to stall,
Always seen.
He's a Freshman.

Big he is,
Always heard—
Important man,
He's quite absurd.
He's a Sophomore.

Rather smart.
Winning style—
Plays his part
All the while.
He's a Junior.

Big and tall
Like most peers—
Did his best
All these years.
He's a Senior.

W. J. G., *Proviso High*

WHY TEACHERS GO CRAZY

Collected by *New York Mail*

Poise is the way a Dutchman says boys.

Eskimo is a wild animal that lives in the Arctic.

"King Arthur's Round Table" was written by the author of "Ten Knights in a Bar Room."

Copernicus invented the cornucopia.

Etiquette teaches us how to be polite without trying to remember to be.

In the stone age all the men were ossified.

The climax of a story is where it says it is to be continued.

A gulf is a dent in a continent.

Buttress is a butler's wife.

Conservation means doing without things we need.

If Ponce de Leon hadn't died before he found the fountain of youth, he wouldn't have died.

ARTLESS ADS

For Rent—Pleasant furnished rooms. Teachers or ladies preferred. 919 Minnesota avenue. Phone 193-W—Adv. in *Milwaukee Journal*.

UNJUST CASTIGATION

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked his mother as her offspring came into the house with a tear-stained face.

"I got licked in school for something I didn't do," bawled Johnny.

"That's an outrage! What was it that you didn't do?"

"An example in arithmetic."

STROVE TO PLEASE

A pleasant lady customer was looking at teakettles. The patient clerk handed down large teakettles and small teakettles, aluminum, porcelain, and copper. Finally the pleasant customer said: "Well, thank you very much. I was just looking for a friend."

"Wait," said the patient clerk. "Here is one more. Perhaps you will find your friend in this one."

A certain Tech student was reading her Sunday School lesson which was giving a vivid description of King Ahasuerus' palace which was decorated in hangings of green and white. The excited freshie jumped from her chair, exclaiming, "Oh! They've got the Tech spirit, too."

The Crime Permeated Futurity

The muchly flustered individual sank wearily down in a chair in the clubroom. He extracted a square of cambrie from his coat pocket, and eradicated the clinging molecules of perspiratory effusion which beaded his pale forehead. Then speaking in a voice trembling with emotion, he related his harrowing experience to the encircling ring of fellow clubmen who had gathered sympathetically about his agitated frame.

"You see, Mordson, I followed your directions by disguising myself as a toothpick inspector, slipped furtively down the alley, and knocked seven times on the seventh door, and was immediately admitted. I found myself in a low dive and whispered my order in an ear of a waiter, who brought me my ice cream cone and tea. All around me were specimens of the lowest depravity; and one degraded creature was actually gurgitating gum-drops." His listeners shuddered at this mention of deleterious manhood.

"I then ordered a package of gum and was preparing to leave when the police broke in. One of the fiends grabbed me, but I broke loose and ran from the accursed place with the rapidity of a racer. All of a sudden as I flew around a corner, I bumped into a policeman, who arrested and took me to the station. There I was slated upon a charge of having peanuts on my person, and finally I managed to clear myself by having them smell my breath. They let me go on that charge but found the contraband gum. It was such a rarity that they fined me only twenty-five dollars for the sweetened bit of elasticity. I then was permitted to go, and with the greatest of acceleration, rid myself of my disguise and came directly here."

His comrades, who had almost fainted at the idea of a fellow club member being guilty of the crime of carrying peanuts, fervidly congratulated him on his marvelous escape. They all then celebrated by going into the grill room and inhaling the intoxicating fumes of a bunch of violets and lilies of the valley.

PETE WILLIAMS

ENOUGH TO DO ALREADY

Little Mary had frequently been scolded by her mother for tying her sled on sleighs, and had promised to reform. One day her mother saw her going past, with her sled tied to a bob. She called her in and told her how dangerous it was and also that the law did not allow it.

"Don't talk to me about the law," said Mary. "I have all I can do to keep the Ten Commandments."

Jottings

TED AND PETE

"I am a trifle upset about this," remarked the speeder as he crashed into a tree.

Pete says: I was in a rowboat and about two miles from shore. The warmth of the sun made me so drowsy, I gradually fell asleep. Several hours later, I awoke and discovered to my horror I was drifting out to sea. I had lost my oars, and night was falling fast. Suddenly a brilliant idea came to me. I took a pencil and a scrap of paper from my pocket and drew back to shore.

"My! what boring work," said the carpenter as he laid his auger down.

"I am all cut up about this," said the patient, as they wheeled him from the operating room.

You can push a pen, but a pencil has to be lead.

Pete says that some students have a sense of humor that is like an embalming fluid.

Truth is stranger than fiction to most folks.

There are no favorites in the school of experience.

Early to bed and early to rise, and you'll meet very few of the best people.

"That's a good point," said the pencil to the sharpener.

Many are called but few get up.

Where there's a will there's a lawyer.

Every man has a sane spot somewhere.

"That's a pretty safe job," remarked the cracksman.

Our idea of a soft job is to do the worrying for an optimist.

Hypocrite: One who smiles when a test is announced.

"That's not fare," said the conductor as the man handed him a penny.

I call my cook Pocahontas, because she is coal black.

Listen to the tale of Willy Blinders
Who fell in the fire and burnt to cinders;
Pretty soon it grew quite chilly
But no one cared to poke up Willy.

EPIGRAMS OF AN OFFICE BOY

A mahogany desk don't make a magnate.
De office "solger" soon gets on de firin' line.
When de boss smiles dere's a kustomer in site.

It's a good ting telerphones ain't got no consunnces.

A bilyus boss makes a dispeptic business.
Dere's somethin' attractive even in de home-
lies' casheer's face on pay day.

Luv between de head bookkeeper an' de lady stenog laffs at overtime.

When yer two bosses start scrappin' it's time to begin readin' de want ads.

HE FOLLOWED HIS ORDERS

"Never state as a fact anything you are not certain about," the great editor warned the new reporter, "or you will get us into libel suits. In such cases use the words 'alleged,' 'claimed,' 'rumored,' and so on."

And then this paragraph appeared in the society notes of the paper:

It is rumored that a card party was given yesterday by a number of reputed ladies. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was hostess. It is alleged that the guests, with the exception of Mrs. Bellingher, who says she hails from Leavitt's Junction, were all from here. Mrs. Smith claims to be the wife of Archibald Smith, the so-called "Honest Man" trading on Key Street.

BEST HE COULD DO

"Willie, where did you get that black eye?"

"Johnny Smith hit me."

"I hope you remembered what your Sunday school teacher said about heaping coals on the heads of your enemies."

"Well, ma, I didn't have any coal, so I just stuck his head in the ash barrel."

Wee little box, empty and torn,
Wee little box, dirty, forlorn,
There you lie cast away,
Relic of a better day.

Did you hold a blossomed flower?
Perfume rare for my lady's bower?
Candy, brooch, or diamond rings,
Or some other valued things?

I cannot guess or even surmise,
What you held as a prize.
Ah! at last I am told!
You contained tablets for a cold!

Autographs

